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DREAMING.

BY EDEN E. BECKFORD.

Dreaming by the gateway old,
Stands a maiden young and fair,
While the breezes, over bold,
Hide and seek among her hair.
Far away her thoughtless eyes
On the mountains old and gray,
Solemn as the mysteries
Which she strives to read to-day.

She is thinking, as she stands,
With the roses red and fair,
Touching her unheeding hands,
And the meshes of her hair,
Of the years before her feet
Flew or many knows she not—
Bitter ones, perhaps, or sweet?
What shall be the maiden's lot?

Through her dream of days to be
Runs a music sweet and low,
As the music of the sea
Underneath its ebb and flow.
Tis the music, deep and sweet,
Echoing softly through her breast
Of a voice whose words repeat
What her happy heart had guessed.

Oh! this happy heart of hers!
Never one so sweet before!
And her deepest being stirs
To its gladness, o'er and o'er.
For he loves her! Oh, the thought!
He, whom she has crowned as king;
And again her soul is caught
In a maze of wondering.

Oh, it be that he, whose words
Haunt her when she wakes or dreams,
As the carol of the birds,
Or the music of the streams
Echoes on our wearied ears
When we know them far away;
That he loves her so! And tears
Hide the mountains old and gray.

Oh, such happy, happy tears!
All the world is in a dream,
Looking down the coming years,
Long, sweet summer hours they seem.
For he walks beside her there,
Whom her heart has crowned its king,
All life's joys and ills to share
Till they end their journeying.

Hark! a step! Her cheek's red rose
Blossoms out in sweet dismay,
And her bright face gladder grows,
While her day-dreams flit away.
"Ah, my darling!" utters he
Oh, the world is wild with bliss!
For the king is come, and he
Crown her queen with clasp and kiss.

The Giant Rifleman:

OR,

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SUNSHOT SEB," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED ROB," "THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A STRANGE WARNING.

It was an Indian that emerged from the bushes and confronted Frank and Nattie—a low-browed and dirty-looking Pottawatomie, whose face wore a malicious smile. He was unarmed, which was sufficient evidence of his friendship; still there was something in his sullen, hangdog countenance that was not calculated to inspire the young men with perfect confidence, at first sight.

"How do?" the red-skin said, as he halted before the bee-hunters.

"Very well, thank you," replied Nattie; "how is your excellency?"

"Come tell white bee-hunters that guide at the village of Pokahgan," answered the Indian.

"Who do you mean by the guide?"

"The big white hunter."

"Do you mean to say that old Goliath Strong is at the Indian village now?"

"Yes; he come there tired and lame—then send Swift Wing after his friends to come meet one friend and send 'em on—then come on you—old guide say bringum boat."

The Indian told his story so straight and with such an air of truth that our friends took no trouble to cross-question him, though they took a natural dislike to the fellow the moment they saw him for his countenance on a white man's face would have been an index to a bad character. However, the bee-hunters at once packed up and embarked in the bateau for the Indian village known as Allegshan.

Nathan and the Indian used the oars, and as they glided into the river and turned up the stream, Frank Ballard became silent and thoughtful. His mind went back to the deer they had seen, and the ribbon upon its neck. Somehow or other, that very sight, trifling as it was, had impressed young Ballard strangely. He knew not why it was, for it was one of those unaccountable things that conjure up thoughts and feelings in the mind and heart that seem born of intuition.

While revolving the matter in his mind, the report of a rifle on the northern shore startled him from his reverie, and forced a cry of surprise from Nattie's lips. At the same instant, the Indian gave a quick, convulsive jerk at the oars, then his head fell forward upon his breast and he gasped for breath and rattled in the throat.

Nathan let go his oars and lifted the head of the Indian from his cramped position. As he did so, he saw a drop of blood ooze from a tiny hole in the forehead and trail a crimson track across the face.

"My heavens, Frank! this Indian has been murdered!" the youth exclaimed, "right before our very eyes!"

"What in the world can it mean?" replied Frank, glancing uneasily around him.

"I know that none of our friends fired the shot, for none of their rifles show as small bullets as this that has killed the red-skin."

"Ah! by heavens, look there, Nattie!—stand on your guard!" suddenly exclaimed Frank.

"River pirates! or I'm a base knave!" cried Nattie, dropping his hand to the butt of his revolver.

The object that had so startled them was a strange-looking craft that glided suddenly out from the mouth of a stream emptying into the river, and hitherto kept concealed by the dense,



"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that—look thar!"

arcading bushes that grew upon either shore. It was a small bark canoe, finished off with all the elaborate skill of Indian handiwork. It was covered with an awning and hung upon all sides with a curtain of thin white canvas that completely concealed the occupant from view. It was provided with oars, instead of the customary paddle, and the easy and graceful manner in which they rose and fell evinced great skill in their management.

This strange boat headed directly toward our friends, who, between the dead warrior and the piratical-looking craft, were in no little confusion of mind. Finally Nattie demanded:

"Who or what comes there?"

There was no response, but the stranger continued to advance and soon ran alongside our friends.

With wildly staring eyes the latter sat motionless, their hands upon their revolvers, waiting for the curtain to be drawn aside, or for some demonstration, at least, on part of the unknown. But to their surprise he remained under cover of his floating sedan, silent and motionless. Through the thin white curtains they could see, in silhouette, the dark outlines of a slight figure, and what struck them as most remarkable was its resembling the form of a woman.

Nattie was tempted to reach out and draw aside the curtain, but before he could muster up courage to do so, a small white hand and arm were thrust from between the selvages of the curtains. In that hand, which left no doubt as to the sex of its owner, was held a slip of white paper which Frank received.

"Read it," came a soft, subdued voice from the interior of the sedan boat.

Frank started at the sound of her voice, and with a low cry thrust out his hand to sweep aside the curtains, but the boat had glided beyond his reach, and a few moments later was lost to view among the drooping foliage.

Frank now glanced at the paper in his hand. Upon it was written in pencil these words:

"Stranger, be careful. Pokahgan, the Pottawatomie chief, is the white man's friend, but not so with all his men. Some would murder you for a dollar. The one with you is a deceitful traitor, luring you into danger. Retrace your steps, and I repeat it, be careful."

"The Unknown Marksman!"

Frank read the note with a shudder, but without a word he passed it to Nattie to read.

Both were completely astounded—not so much by the warning as by the name signed to it.

"Who is the Unknown Marksman?" asked Nattie.

"I don't know; I never heard of him before. He must have slain this Indian," replied Frank, in a strange tone.

"That was a woman in that boat, Frank."

"I know it, Nattie, and would give five years of my life to see her. When she spoke, her voice seemed to echo through the very fibers of my heart."

"I dare say her fingers put that ribbon around that deer's neck; but, Frank, you are excited."

"I know it, but never mind, Nattie. Do you think she is the Unknown Marksman?"

"Of course not; this is written in a bold, manly hand; but Frank, I am afraid Goliath and Ed are in trouble. That Indian seemed to have understood all about our big guide and companion, and if he meant to lure us into danger, two to one our guide and Ed have met with danger."

"Well, what are we to do?" questioned Frank.

"Toss this dead Ananias overboard and return to where the boys left us, and wait for them until we are satisfied they are not coming; then we can decide on our future course."

So saying, they consigned the body of the Indian to a watery grave, then tacked about and returned to the place where they were halted when their two friends left them.

The bee-hunters now guarded their situation with extreme caution, for they were in a coun-

try of which they knew little, and of whose people they knew less. Hitherto their labors had been confined to the Kalamazoo, and what they had learned of the Indians' character was among the friendly tribes on the head-waters of that stream. They had learned that, although the red-men were peaceable and friendly, there were many of them given to petty thieving and crimes, and would not hesitate to stab a man in the back.

Nattie saw that his companion was deeply impressed by the events of the last half-hour; and while they were discussing their future movements, Ed Mathews, to their great relief, returned. But he brought no word of their guide, Goliath Strong.

Frank Ballard narrated what had transpired since he left them, and showed him the warning of the Unknown Marksman.

Mathews was already excited when he arrived at camp; this his comrades saw, and attributed to some adventure while absent; but when he had read the paper he said:

"I believe it—that the Indians are bent upon mischief, for I crossed a fresh trail out here leading south-east, and shortly afterward I saw an Indian with a gun skulking from tree to tree as if shadowing something or some one. If old Goliath is not already in trouble, I am afraid that party will find him. Boys, I think it would be prudent for us to drop down the river into a milder climate. What say you, boys?"

"Anything for bees-wax and safety," responded young Darrell.

"I am sure I have no desire to remain here and encounter that unknown marksman if he serves all as he did our red Ananias," replied Frank.

"No. You'd rather encounter his daughter—she of the covered boat, white hand and arm, and soft, witching voice," replied Nattie, with a mischievous sparkle of the eye. "Frank is bound to fall in love with something yet before he dies, and when he does center that heart of twenty-eight years growth upon a woman, it'll be there like unto one of the permanent fixtures of the universe."

Alas! Nattie knew little of Frank Ballard's heart, else he would not have spoken so lightly of it. He had little idea of the secret that lay buried in its most recesses; and as he spoke, Frank turned toward the river to conceal his emotions, and said:

"Ah, Nattie, you are a wild boy, and I pray that your young heart may never grow heavy with the wrongs of a wicked world—but this is no time for moralizing, so let us embark at once."

Entering the boat they pushed out from shore and dropped silently down the river.

Night was approaching, and before they had journeyed far they began discussing the subject of a night encampment. It was finally agreed that they return to their previous night's camp before halting. This was some three miles further down. An island was the point in question; there they had cached a large amount of honey until they should return down the river. It was an admirable place for defensive operations, and a point where their absent guide would be as likely to find them as any other should he escape all dangers.

Night came on long before they reached their destination; but the moon sailed aloft into the azure depths of night and flooded the river and forest with a mellow glow.

They pulled on and finally reached the island—a little sand-bar covered with drift, and fringed around with a dense growth of short water-willows. Nattie was the first to leap ashore, and almost the first thing that arrested his attention was a number of huge tracks in the sand where the willows had been trampled down.

But they were not human tracks—they were the tracks of bears. There were some large and some small; and when they saw their honey cache had been torn open and ravaged of many a day's hard labor, they knew what had attracted the rapacious honey-thieves to the island.

"Well, this is vexation itself," Nattie exclaimed, as he regarded the gutted cache with sore regret.

"We'd ought to have been more careful in covering the pit," said Ballard.

"Immaculate Moses! more careful! who ever supposed that a family of hungry bears was waiting and watching?"

"Hark!" interrupted Ed Mathews.

A movement in the willows arrested their attention, and the next moment they saw a young bear walk out of the willow and approach their canoe which had been partly beached on the upper side of the island. Stopping near the prow of the craft the animal sniffed around it, then deliberately climbed into the boat and began an exploration for the bee-hunters' honey-cups.

"The infernal, impudent brute," muttered Nattie; "I'll stop that," and he raised his gun to fire. But at this juncture another bear—a male of huge proportions—issued from the bushes and approached the boat. Reaching the prow, the animal reared up, and placing its fore paws on the end of the craft, was about to leap in, when the bateau gave way before its ponderous weight and shot out into the river, and was carried away by the current.

The big bear sat down upon his haunches, sniffed the air and looked longingly after the boat that was floating away with its companion that seemed, in noways, disconcerted by its sudden departure; but rather pleased over the idea of having the bee-hunters' supplies all to itself.

The old settle with that old cuss, confound him!" exclaimed Nattie, and raising his rifle he fired at the big bear. But, under the excitement of the moment, his aim had been unsteady; the bear was only wounded in the shoulder; and with a fierce growl, it charged upon the authors of its pain.

"Rim, boys, run!" cried Nattie, taking to his heels.

Ed and Frank discharged their guns at the animal, though without any other effect than to increase its pain and fury; then turned and fled after the light-footed Nattie across the island.

At this juncture, three more bears, a female and two cubs, emerged from the bushes and joined in the pursuit, for the scent of their companion's blood had aroused them.

As if cognizant of the fact that Nattie was the author of his suffering, the wounded bear seemed to single him out for its first victim. Seeing this, Ed and Frank ran in a different direction, and taking advantage of this diversion, they hastily reloaded their rifles and opened fire on the animals. They succeeded in killing the female and her cubs, but the male seemed to bear a charmed life, and the more shots he received the greater became his speed and anger. He was now crowding close upon Nattie's heels.

The willows were no more impediment to his advance than as much grass would have been, and this enabled him to gain upon the boy. In and out of the moonlight and bushes the two glided, Nattie exerting every effort to elude the bear, while the latter, with glaring eyes, open mouth, and blood-dripping sides, shuffled on close behind.

Whenever the bear came in sight Ed and Frank, from their coverts, fired upon it. The last time it appeared, however, it was not ten feet from Nattie; and as the youth again disappeared in the bushes they felt that the last hope was gone.

A moment later they heard a cry and a double splash in the water.

"My God, Ed! it has forced him in the river!" cried Frank.

They bounded from the bushes and hurried across the island to the water's edge. They saw the bear struggling in the waves, but Nattie was nowhere to be seen.

The bear has borne him down under the waves!" cried Ed in an agony of suspense.

A rustling in the bushes to their right arrested their attention, and the next instant they saw the little, graceful figure of an animal launch out into the stream and swim toward the bear. It was immediately followed by another and still

another, until six of them had left the island and attacked the bear.

A fearful and deadly struggle now ensued in the river between bruin and the other animals. Our two friends watched the conflict with great eagerness, expecting to see Nattie's form rise to the surface; but in this they were disappointed. He was nowhere to be seen, and they were about to call to him when the form of a man pushed through the willows to the right, and approached them, holding his sides and laughing till his whole frame shook as with an ague chill.

This strange being was dressed in a suit of buck-skin made in the regular border style. On his head he wore a cap made of the fur of the wolverine, the head of the animal being arranged in front and in such a manner that the nose answered for a peak to the cap, while the ears were pricked up as if still possessed of life and cowardly fear.

"Great gosh! mighty, friends! isn't that one of the most de-lightful, friskiest concentration of physical powers ye ever clapped yer optics on?" demanded the stranger, in a rollicking tone, between fits of hearty laughter. "Why, just discover that ole b'ar—ha! ha! ha!—spin round and round like a big turbine water-wheel; and see those boys o' mine how they sail in on their nautical. Ha! ha! ha! gents, that's one of the most de-lightful, superb ramifications that old Wolverine ever had the pleasure o' gittin' up. Yoop! sail in, boys!"

"Indeed! are you old Wolverine, the Wolf-Hunter?" asked Frank Ballard.

"I be, sir, that very ole daisy, and it strikes me in the region of the cerebellum that we meandered hereaways just about the appointed time to save your friend."

"But we are not sure he is safe," answered Mathews.

"Safe as a dollar in a Jew's pocket; he dodged the b'ar arter he jumped into the water and swum around the island."

A moment later Nattie, soaked to the skin, made his appearance.

A shout of joy burst from the lips of his friends.

"I say, youngster," said old Wolverine, as familiarly as though he had always known the bee-hunters, "you made some purty lively motions, now didn't ye?"

"Well, stranger," said Nattie, "I rather imagine I did, and I think I had reasons for my actions, too; but are those your dogs that tackled that bear?"

"They are for a factum," answered Old Wolverine, "and now, don't you forget it, that b'ar 'll git his solar system eclipsed from center to conference. Them 'ere dogs knows as well as a surgeon what to feel for a tender spot. I've learnt 'em, ye see. They know just what to close on a b'ar deer or wolverine. Why, I've actually seed 'em old Baltic, that's my bull-dog, as what is a reg'lar snorter, snap a catamount in two so slick and easy that each end went flyin' in opposite directions—oh, a hundred yards or more apart. Now, that's a fact. Yoop! hurrah thar, boys! Wool him, Baltic! blast him! Fleetfoot! stab him, Mellow Tongue!" and the old hunter clapped his hands and shouted at his dogs until the very night resounded with the reverberation of his powerful lungs.

The fight between the dogs and bear continued in the water. The latter acted upon the defensive altogether, and was at last compelled, through sheer loss of blood and exhaustion, to yield, to overwhelming numbers, the life he had clung to so tenaciously.

Old Wolverine now called his dogs ashore, and advancing to the center of the island where the moonlight fell unobstructed, calmly seated himself upon the carcass of one of the bears slain by Ed and Frank. Then, one by one, he called his six dogs to him and looked them carefully over for wounds; and when assured that they had received no serious injury he said:

"These 'ere dogs I call the Old Guard, 'cause as what they are infallible. These two"—referring to two tall, slender grayhounds—"I call Mellow Tongue and Fleetfoot. The one has a voice as charming as a flute, and soft and musical as Moorish widdlers; and t'other 'em can run so fast that the heat created by friction 'll melt the 'rill 'll singe his hair—look thar if you don't believe it! Then, here comes ole Patsy and Limer—two as good fox-hounds as ever led a trail or swallowed a loaf of corn-pone. And thar, then, is Cubie, as sagacious a mongrel as ever throttled a wolverine or nipped the heels of a stag; and, lastly, thar is the reserved force of the Old Guard, Baltic. You see his nationality in his countenance—a bull-dog. He'd tip the beam at two hundred avoirdupois. Jest look at 'em chops, boys; why, they hang like saddle-skirts over jaws that's stronger than an iron vise. I tell ye that dog, Baltic, is one chunk of muscle from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, even if the tail isn't but three inches long. Ha! ha! me and my loves, boys, have had hundreds of grand ole frolics together in these 'ere woods. We like it—we've been raised in these woods, ye might say; and don't you forget that we've been a sort of epidemic among the wolverines on which the State pays a very nice little bounty."

"How came you over on this island?" asked Nattie.

"Why, we heard you a-firin' and supposed a fight was goin' atwixt some rascals, and so we came over to inquire into it. We war comin' up the river in a boat, and when we seed it war 'n' rascals fightin', we couldn't tell what war up until we got right up here; then we seed that boy reel off into the river a-tackin' the b'ar arter him, and knowed what the racket meant. So I spoke to the Old Guard, and away went the dogs of war."

As the rollicking and whimsical old wolf-hunter concluded his speech he carelessly threw his arm around Baltic's neck and began humming to himself:

"Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away, etc., etc."

His voice was not unmusical. There was a plaintive melody in its strains that at once appealed to the inner soul of his audience.

When he had ended his song and apparent humors, Ed said:

"Wolverine, did you see our boat going down the river, with a bear in it?"

"I saw a boat jist below here, but I didn't notice a b'ar in it—in fact, I jist glanced at it, and as I seen no person in it, I paid no furdur attention to it. How come a b'ar in your boat?"

Ed told him how the cub went adrift—elicit- ing a burst of laughter from Old Wolverine.

Having reposed perfect confidence in the hunter from the first, Frank now went on and narrated the adventure of the day; and asked the old borderman's opinion of the same.

"Wal," he began, "it's a little mixed in my mind as to real facts. I've heard that the Indians war gittin' as fidgity as a hypocrite on the mourner's bench, but I don't believe they'd dare come out openly ag'inst the whites. Old Pokahgan is too smart a chief not to see the result of such an escapade. Now I'll tell you what I think the trouble is: this country is full of lumbermen, bark peelers and shingle-weavers; and among the many hundreds of them there are haydoogins of mean, ornery critters who come out here to escape justice and pretend to work. That's Bertraw's camp made up of Canadians; some of 'em—in fact, most of 'em—are good men; but there are some meaner than the proprietor of the sulphur-pit himself. Same way with Spencer's men—ditto, the settlers and Indians. As signal men love the night, these fellows are drawn together by a natural affinity, and together they concoct and do a great deal of mean things. Housmever, the Unknown Marksmen's provin' a epidemic to some o' that class o' pilgrims."

"Who is the Unknown Marksmen? and what's your opinion of him, Wolverine?" asked Ballard.

"I think he's a rattlin' good shot—sure of his game every pop, as old Mellow Tongue is of his trail. That's all I know 'bout him, and, in fact, is all I want to know."

"Which way are you traveling now?" asked Nattie.

"Goin' up the river on a big deer-hunt;—the rattlin' fine sport, boys. Jist let me strike a trail and then go on Mellow Tongue the lead, and oh, land of the blessed! Such ravishin' music! Why, it would drive you into ecstasies—yea, you'd expire with delight to hear the Old Guard sing as they string out through the woods. With Mellow Tongue in the lead, and old Baltic 'bout a half-mile behind, the trail becomes a gamut of music. Didn't you ever hear a pack like that on the trail of a festive fox?—you didn't?—well, then, you've still sumthin' to live for. I'm goin' up the river now, and if you fellows want to take passage, swift-wind, and care to come along, my Josies, and we'll have some rare old sport. Oh, I tell ye, I'm none o' yer sedates—I'm as frisky as a festive mule; and can stand more fun and frolic than any youngster in Michigan."

"But we were going down the river," said Frank; "besides we are bee-hunters."

"Bee-hunters?—well, now, don't you forget it, gents, that I can take you right slap-dab whar the bees are thicker than grains of sand on the desert Salabar, or crabs in the Blue Marsh. Why, it's a fact, they're so plenty, more or less, that they can't find holler trees enough to put their honey in; and so they jist stick it right in among the branches. Why, the tress up there are covered with 'em. Bears jist have rollicking times up thar."

And, notwithstanding his wonderful exaggerations, the bee-hunters took passage with the old hunter and started back up the river, still in hopes that they would find Goliah Strong, their guide.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF SPIRIT RAPIDS.

As the four men journeyed slowly up the river, they discussed the absence of Goliah Strong and the appearance of the strange woman in the covered boat, as well as the death of the Indian, Swift-Wing.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Old Wolverine, "but what that Unknown Marksmen was quartered up that way. If so, I wouldn't be a card to call on him."

"Perhaps you might get a bullet through your brain," Nattie suggested.

"I hope not; but if anything of the kind should happen, boys, don't let the Old Guard come to grief. Old Mellow Tongue's olfactories are so keen that you could soon train him to track a bee through the air like a flirt. But then, I don't want to go yit—I'm not ready to die," and as he concluded he began softly whistling:

"Over the hills and far away."

at the same time keeping time with the measured strokes of the oars.

Mentally, each of the bee-hunters pronounced Old Wolverine a general old fellow, full of rollicking sport and whimsical expression not altogether devoid of some philosophy; and he congratulated himself upon their having fallen into his companionship.

A few hours' rowing brought them back to the mouth of the South Black river, Castle Island and Spirit Rapids.

Castle Island was a rocky promontory shaped like a wedge, and splitting the waters of the South Black before it emptied into the main river. The waters that passed to the right of the island flowed in a strong current down through a narrow channel almost under the high, rocky walls of the island, while the main volume of water that passed to the left of the island, broke into wild, tossing rapids. The island was covered with a dense growth of scrubby pines, and was inaccessible. The right side, and the end overlooking the Black river proper, was guarded by high, projecting walls; while on the left side the rapids made it impossible for any man being to cross to the island. At least it seemed so to a casual observer watching the sweeping, tossing, twisting waters.

The moon was in the zenith when our friends reached this point. Castle Island, as some imaginative genius had named it, stood out against the northern sky like some old castellated ruin, true enough; while a white mist hung over Spirit Rapids, in which the same genius must have imagined he could see spiritual forms hovering over the seething waters.

"I'd give all my right, title and interest in purgatory to get onto Castle Island," remarked Old Wolverine, as they stood out before the imposing island.

"It seems to be unapproachable," said Nattie. "Perpendicular walls five feet high on one side, and end, and these guarded by water and the other side guarded by the Rapids. And yet, I believe it is inhabited."

"Impossible!" replied young Mathews; "no one could scale those crumbly walls; while to cross the rapids would be entirely out of the question."

"Wal, boys, I'm goin' to see jist how fur into the rapids we can git, jist for fun. This boat is stout as a man-o'-war," said Old Wolverine, and without consulting his companions' feelings on the subject, he deliberately turned the craft out of the main river into the mouth of the south branch, and started toward the rapids. They soon approached so close that they could feel the falling spray upon their hands and faces, and the boat rocked under the agitated waters.

"I should think we were about close enough to the rapids, friend Wolverine," declared Frank, "inasmuch as we can gain nothing by going any further."

"I jist want to try you fellers' nerves," said the old man, "and I've rods furder up, we could make the island like a top by sidling off-head against the current. So don't git skeery, boys."

Frank again entered a protest against what seemed a useless and reckless adventure, but the old hunter, determined to reach the island if possible, pulled with all his power against the rapids.

They had gone probably two rods further, when Mellow Tongue suddenly thrust his nose into the air and gave a low, uneasy whine.

"Hear that, Wolverines?" exclaimed Nattie; "your dog knows we're running into danger."

"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that—look thar! Talk 'bout thar bein' no sich things as spirits and I'll drink this river!"

The old man pointed toward the shore and a little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were

rendered speechless by the sight of a form moving across the rapids—still closer to danger than they were. It was a form wearing a long, grayish-looking gown and a white hood completely covering head and form. Both arms were extended, and the white sleeves of the garment gave them the appearance of vampire wings.

The hunters were impressed with a strange, mysterious fear bordering on superstition, for they looked upon what seemed a supernatural being. Old Wolverine bade his dogs be silent, while with distended eyes he watched the apparition. It was moving across the river toward the island; and it was walking, or rather floating across the current of the rapids—the skirts of its cloak trailing and waving about its feet on the surface of the eddying waters.

Slowly it passed before them—drifted on through the mist and sweeping tide, and finally disappeared in the shadows of the island.

Old Wolverine drew a breath of relief; the bee-hunters rallied from their awesome stupor.

"Darn my riggin!" burst from the lips of the hunter.

"What does that mean? I don't understand it," said Nattie Darrall.

"It beats the middle of old Galilee; if my eyes didn't deceive me, I think I see'd a human critter walk deliberately and fearlessly across the river on the water."

"We all saw it," affirmed Frank, in an earnest tone.

"Then by gee-hokey, it was a spirit!" declared Old Wolverine. "Nothin' else could walk the water like that—ay, these are Spirit Rapids, boys!"

"It's all bosh!" protested the brave Nattie Darrall. "I believe there is a stone foot-bridge along there."

"Oh, the improbabilities of youth!" cried the hunter; "a foot-bridge could be thrown across the Styx as easy as 'em rapids. I tell you—but doleful sound! thar goes another!"

True enough; a second figure clad in misty gray, with extended arms, was seen to be moving across the river on the surface of the water. It could not be seen so distinctly as the first, however; the hunters, in their excitement, had permitted the current to carry their boat back some distance from the rapids.

They watched the shadowy form, however, until it had disappeared; then Old Wolverine drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Boys, this is more pressure on my nervous system than I like. I can stand a jug of 'em, but the kick of a horn or the nightmare; but I'll be durned if I want to be skered to death by royal, ginuine spooks. I tell ye these rapids are ha'nted by the spirits of those dashed to pieces among them rocks. I aers heard it said."

"I don't believe it," interrupted the boy hero, Nattie Darrall; "I believe there is something material in what we have seen, and am in favor of investigating the matter. I am now satisfied that we can venture up to where the apparitions crossed. I'm not afraid to go where any other person can."

"Well, blest if Wolverine and the Old Guard can't go where any boy can," declared the old hunter; "and so here goes, spirit or no spirit."

The old hunter plied his oars with all his strength and skill, and by a determined effort succeeded in stemming the writhing current to about the point where the apparitions crossed; but, to their surprise, they found no foot-bridge there—nothing but angry, foaming water upon which their boat rocked and tossed like an egg-shell.

For a minute the whole party was completely dumbfounded. Despite their better education, the bee-hunters now found themselves undergoing that vague, superstitious fear born of doubt and uncertainty, in consequence of what they had witnessed—a sight which they could not account for, and, therefore, involving a necessity for the supernatural. And with this feeling stealing over them, the roar of the rapids seemed to grow louder and more ghastly, and the leaping waters imbued with a ghostly spirit.

At length Nattie said:

"If I see another of those apparitions, I shall reach for it," and cocking his gun, he laid it across his lap, ready for instant use.

"They say lead will no hurt a ghost or witch—that nothing but a silver bullet will touch them," observed Old Wolverine, trying to appear calm; "but if the Old Guard only had good footing, I'll bet they'd snake in yer ghostship in a jiffy."

Why, boys, ole Mellow Tongue could track a whale across the ocean; and with him in the lead, and Baltic in rear, I tell ye the brine'd fly from thar heels. Wolverine-huntin' gittin' to be dull, 'case, when Mellow Tongue sounds the keynote, the wolf jist stops and arranges its throat for Baltic's lead, and—lies. And then—boy, do you see that?—thar goes any other o' them critters—that's a little one—must be a young ghost."

A third apparition had appeared from the shore and was moving across the river toward the island. Like the others, it was clad in a hood and cloak of spectral gray; yet it appeared to be considerably smaller than those that had preceded it.

By this time the boat had again drifted away from the shore, and the party was again in the midst of the rapids; and, although the form could be but dimly seen through the mist, Nattie resolved to fire upon it.

With a strange uncertainty and misgiving, he raised his gun, and, taking careful aim, fired. The report of the piece sounded dead and dull, and it had scarcely jarred upon the ears of the little party ere a heartrending and piercing scream rent the night, and the apparition was seen to sink upon the bosom of the waves.

"My God!" cried Nattie, "that was a human cry—the cry of a woman! Pull, Wolverine, pull to the rescue, though I be a murderer!"

The hunter bent to the oars and sent the sharp-pointed boat speeding against the current. Into the very edge of the rapids he pulled.

Frank Ballard is in the prow and with distended eyes he searches for the body of the youth's victim. He sees an object rise to the surface on the left. He sees a pair of arms buffeting the waves.

"To the left, Wolverine, to the left!" he shouts.

They turned the boat to the left. It shot like a dart alongside the body. Frank made a grab at it and seized a human form by the wrist; but at that instant the boat struck a hidden rock and capsized. All were thrown headlong into the water, and the next moment were ruthlessly swept away on the bosom of the river.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

Miss Langmaid's Antecedents.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

FRED EAST and I were at school and college together. I suppose I would do almost anything for Fred East. Consequently, when he came into my office (I had just been admitted to the bar of my native State) and asked my assistance in a certain very delicate matter, I promised to do what I could for him as a matter of course.

"I'm afraid we are going to have trouble out home," Fred began, putting the case before me. "You see, some time ago, Jennie—"

"Jennie was Fred's wife; they lived with Fred's father at the old East homestead"—"she hired a governess for the children. We never liked her after the first. She didn't seem quite up to her business, to begin with; and then she showed herself, after awhile, to be not exactly a lady. There was something odd about her which we did not notice at first, and she had not been with us three months before my wife and I, we agreed we'd better get rid of her. But we no sooner announced this determination than the old gentleman puts his foot down and says she sha'n't budge an inch as long as she chooses to do us the honor to stay with us."

—that she is a model of a woman, a perfect angel, and that he loves her with all his soul, and will marry her, and no questions asked if she will have him."

"And is she willing to take him?" I asked.

"Willing! Yes, and jumps at the chance. Indeed I've no doubt that's what she came there for. She is some adventuresome from the city here."

"When is the wedding to come off?"

"I've persuaded the old man to wait a month. At the end of that time he will certainly marry her unless I can prove to him there is something wrong about her. What I want you to do is to come down and stay a day or two and see if you can make her out. You are a lawyer, and maybe can find out something. Come down Saturday and stay as long as you can. I'll meet you at the station."

As we drove up the carriage road of the East homestead that next Saturday afternoon, I would hardly blame Miss Eugenia Langmaid (that was the governess' name) for wishing to become its mistress.

It was one of the most beautiful country seats I ever saw. Fred's father and wife received me as cordially as ever. The former was a stately, white-haired old man, always full of sociability and good cheer, and now with a fire in his eye and a vigor in his movements which I had not seen in him for a long time.

Mrs. Fred was a pretty little fair-skinned woman fully in sympathy with her husband, and understanding perfectly the object of my visit. Miss Langmaid did not seem to be about just then.

Wandering alone in the shrubbery toward sunset, I first saw the governess herself. Unperceived by her, I stood watching her for some moments, really astonished to see a woman so different from what Fred had led me to expect. She was tall and dark—not beautiful according to any recognized standard of beauty, yet wonderfully attractive. I thought—what the French call *seduisante*. I could not wonder Mr. East had fallen in love with her; and I could not for the life of me discern the "air of an adventuresome" which Fred had discovered. I was on the point of stepping forward and addressing her, when she turned suddenly, without seeing me, and went off by the main path toward the house. Shortly after, a very surprising event took place. I came up the walk toward the front piazza, where were standing the entire family, including Miss Langmaid, whose back was toward me, so that she did not see me at all. As I mounted the steps Mrs. Fred turned to her and said:

"Miss Langmaid, let me introduce our friend, Mr. Euston."

I stood in the full sunset light within a few feet of them. At Mrs. East's words the governess turned easily toward me and raised her eyes—and very beautiful eyes they were, I remember. But, no sooner did they fall upon me than she started forward, then suddenly covered her face with her hands and fell fainting to the floor. The old man gave me a suspicious glance, then bent over her prostrate form and seized her hand. She was taken indoors at once, and I did not see her again that night.

As for her fainting at sight of me, I was quite unable to account for it. I had never seen the lady before in all my life nor she me. Why she should faint at seeing me was a mystery I could not solve, and I had so little difficulty in accepting her own explanation of it the next morning (when she met me quite calmly), that before the week was out I had almost forgotten the occurrence. She had been quite unwell the day before, she said, and I so nearly resembled a very dear friend of hers who was dead, that seeing me all at once had startled and overcome her.

I did not find out much either for or against Miss Langmaid's respectability during the few days I remained with the East family; and all the while I failed to see anything loud or unladylike in her. I thought her a very charming woman, and was half inclined to fall in love with her myself.

But I did discover something in her manner to which Fred evidently had reference, but which, it seemed to me, he misunderstood. From a certain air of restraint which she assumed when, on one occasion, I ventured some inquiry as to her past life, and from a certain hard flash that flew into her eyes whenever society and society distinctions were mentioned or insisted upon, I somehow or other felt convinced that Miss Langmaid had a story, and by no means a pleasant one, which she was hiding from the world; and more than that, she had some time or another been brought to bay by the world, and compelled to fight the society which she now sought to escape.

Whether this story involved guilt on her part, whether there was anything in it which should put an end to the proposed marriage, of course I could not say; but I felt that her story ought to be known. Yet, as far as that story was concerned, I went away from Mr. East's at the week's end no wiser than I came, feeling certain that the wedding would come off at the month's end in spite of anything Fred or his wife could do.

It was by the strangest coincidence I ever knew that a clue to Miss Langmaid's past was put into my hands immediately.

Only a few days after my visit to the East homestead, I was called to Buffalo on business, and when about to return, having just secured my berth for the night, as I stood in the Erie depot, all at once I felt a hand laid with no light weight upon my shoulder, and a gruff voice saying:

"Well, my friend, we've got you at last, have we? Quite a little chase you've given us."

It did not take long to assure me that my name was Antoine Leclerc, that I was supposed to be a Frenchman, that I had committed forgery at Louisville some weeks since—where, by the way, I had never been in my life—and that I was now under arrest.

The only approach to truth in the whole story was as to my being French. My mother was of French descent. Evidently the detective had taken me for another man; but of course I had no difficulty, being well acquainted in Buffalo, of establishing my identity and obtaining my release at once.

As I was about to part company with my professional friend, he said:

"Well, if you're not Leclerc, you look enough like him to be his brother. I've had hands on him once, and I could have sworn you were he. I never knew so strong a resemblance."

It was certainly very strange, and a sudden thought struck me.

"Do you know anything of this Antoine Leclerc's past life?" I asked.

"Not much," answered the officer. "He has been in Louisville for two or three years."

Some name from Pittsburgh where, I believe, was a prominent witness in a murder trial, and confessed to having perjured himself. It was his testimony that all but convicted the

woman (the prisoner was a lady), when, upon assurance that he would not be prosecuted for perjury, he contradicted his own testimony point blank, and, somehow, the woman got off."

"Do you remember the woman's name?"

"No. I've told you about all I remember of the trial. It was in May, eighteen seventy—You would find it all on the court records."

I took a note of the date, and bidding my new friend adieu, took the next train, not for home, but for Pittsburgh. I had not only a hope, but what almost amounted to a conviction, that I had been taken for Antoine Leclerc once before in my life, viz., on the night I was introduced to Miss Langmaid. And more than this, I felt sure of finding, sooner or later, that that lady had been on trial for murder in the courts of Pittsburgh in the year of grace eighteen seventy—

From the court records and from the old clerk I gleaned the following particulars of a story in which I felt sure that Miss Langmaid was the leading character. The case was that of the State vs. Josephine Digby. Mr. Leroy Digby had been a merchant, whose business was in a very mixed condition. His wife was a young woman, and beautiful, more than thirty years his junior. There was no doubt, from the various evidence in the case, that Digby had treated her shamefully. He not only deprived his wife, in every possible way, of her freedom, but constantly treated her with positive cruelty, and in a thousand ways made life to her, as his wife, unbearable.

I felt in my heart that I could hardly blame her, whatever she was, for taking the law into her own hands and ridding herself of him, as I could not doubt, from the evidence, she had done. It seems that Digby had been slightly ill for a week, and then all at once he was found one morning dead, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had died of poison. There was circumstantial evidence in abundance that pointed to the wife as the murderer, yet it would hardly have convicted her but for the additional testimony of one man, Antoine Leclerc, who had been, as it turned out, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, who swore positively that he accidentally saw Mrs. Digby prepare and administer the fatal draught. He was an intimate of Mr. Digby's and constantly at the house during his illness. All this together would beyond a doubt have hung the woman had not Leclerc, at the last moment, as the detective had said, contradicted his own testimony, giving his hatred of the lady as a reason for his false evidence. How he was prevailed upon to do this, I never learned nor does it matter. Suffice it to say that though there seemed no room for doubt that the woman was guilty, yet technically it could not be proven, and the judge so charged the jury that they could not do otherwise than acquit her. But she left the court-room amid hisses and groans—not a person far or near who had heard of the case but believed her guilty. From the description I obtained of Mrs. Digby I made no doubt that she and Eugenia Langmaid were the same person; and, armed with these facts, I proceeded straight home and down to the East house.

I had formed a plan of my own in the matter, and I was therefore glad, upon my arrival, to find no one at home except Miss Langmaid. As gently as I might, for I pitied the woman, I made her aware first how much I knew of her previous history. Contrary to my expectation, she admitted the whole story at once and threw herself upon my mercy. In a few heartrending sentences she assured me that she had been innocent of that terrible crime, and that her husband had been poisoned through a mistake of his own. Then she went on with sobs and tears to tell me how this awful charge had ruined her life for her—a life that had never been too happy even before she sold herself to the brute who had sought her—how no one would believe in her innocence, and how she had at last given up the fearful struggle against the world and sought under a new name to regain among strangers the position she had lost among friends. Finally she threw herself upon the grass at my feet, and, clinging to my knees, besought me not to betray her and rob her of this only chance of happiness. She assured me again and again that she really loved Mr. East, and knowing that he idolized her, she felt that she could make him happy if only I would not reveal her story.

Of course it was impossible for me to do as she wished. I told her I could in honor do no less than lay her story before the old man; then, if he chose to believe her, I had nothing further to do in the matter. I besought her to take that task upon herself—to go to him, tell him all and rely upon his love and kindness. If he could not do this, I said, I must tell him myself.

She arose and looked at me sadly a moment. "No," she said. "He would believe me at first, but the rest of them hate me, and when they brought him the evidence he would believe, too. It's of no use, Mr. Euston. I will go away at once. Only, promise me that you will not let them know," and she put out her beautiful hand to me. "I would like him never to know it. And here, this moment, alone with you and my God, I swear to you that I never poisoned Leroy Digby." And gazing upon her as she stood with her hand in mine and her eyes raised to heaven, looking lovelier far than any woman I had ever seen—for that moment at least, I fully believed her. And even now, as I think of it, I hardly doubt her. As for her story, I never told it before this to any one.

"Tom Porter."

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

AMOS AMORY was the happiest man in Westville. For was he not engaged to pretty, blue-eyed Susie Bloom, and hadn't he won her right before the face and eyes of half a dozen disappointed suitors, who had vowed to wear the willow eternally for her sweet sake?

The course of Amory's true love ran smooth, so far, and he was morally certain it always would.

"No use in lover's quarrels," said sensible Amos; "no sense in this everlasting jealousy and all that! Never catch me getting jealous, I tell you. No danger of that, Susie!"

Nor, indeed, did there seem to be any danger, for Susie was a discreet little body, not likely to give him any cause, as Amos felt quite secure.

But, alas! for the fallibility of human calculations.

One evening when he went for his usual call, Amos found Susie in unusually high spirits over a letter she had just read.

"You must have had good news," said Amos, smiling fondly on her.

"Oh, I have!" cried Susie, with sparkling eyes. "It's from Tom Porter, my very dearest friend! After you, of course, Amos! We are both invited to a grand wedding at How-

ardsville, and Tom's coming down to go with me. Ain't you glad for me? Tom and I always have such good times!"

"Oh—ah—yes, certainly, I'm glad!" replied Amos, but with a certain feeling at his heart that if Susie's friend had been "Mollie" Porter, or "Jenny" or anybody, almost, except Tom or John or some other cognomen which denoted him as belonging to the masculine fraternity, he would have been much better pleased with Susie's delight.

"I know you would be!" cried Susie. "Everybody likes Tom. We've been the dearest friends since we were ever such little tot! Tom makes me a visit every year, and we do enjoy ourselves so much! I know you'll enjoy it, too, Amos."

"Hum—yes—very nice, I'm sure," Amos answered, vaguely wondering if this Tom was so fond of pretty Susie, and visited her regular every year, how it happened he had not secured her for himself long ago.

"Does your friend Tom know we are engaged?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I always tell Tom everything," said Susie.

"Humph! coming to try to cut me out, maybe!" thought Amos. Of course there was no danger he would succeed, and of course Amos was not jealous, but he didn't feel exactly comfortable, and he didn't make his call quite as long as common, for he was something out of humor.

"Well, I'm sorry you have to go early," said Susie, when he pleaded business as an excuse. "But, never mind, I'll write to Tom tonight, and I'll say all sorts of pretty things about you."

"Tom be—hanged!" thought Amos, not a bit comforted by Susie's promise to say "pretty things" about himself, but wishing, as he went home, that Tom Porter was going to the North Pole, or the Equator or somewhere else except to Howardsville with Susie.

"I won't go!" he growled, for he, too, was invited. "There's no time for me!" And he thought regretfully of the cozy evenings he spent with Susie, which would be broken into by Tom's arrival.

It wasn't the only time Amos growled in the next few days, for it seemed as if he couldn't go near Susie without getting that odious Tom Porter flung in his face.

Susie always had to write to Tom, or she had just got a letter from Tom, or she wanted to see to fixing up something for Tom's room, and at last she actually asked Amos if he wouldn't meet Tom at the depot for her!

This was a little too much, and poor Amos almost actually swore in pretty Susie's presence! And he did speak so short and snappish that Susie was perfectly astonished, and wondered if she had done anything to offend him.

But she was so sorry that Amos had to leave town on business for a day or two just now, and gave him many charges to come and see her and Tom just the minute ever he got back!

And simple Susie never guessed that Amos didn't have to leave town at all, but was sulking at the store, "all alone by himself," as the old lady said who made a solitary trip to California.

Two mortal days and nights Amos held out after Susie's visitor arrived. Then human flesh and blood could stand it no longer with an unquenched rival in the field, so Amos rigged himself in his very best style and started for Susie's, vowing to himself that if she didn't treat him different from the way she treated that abominable Tom Porter, he would break with Susie Bloom then and there, and Tom Porter could take her and go—just where he had a mind to!

At Susie's house he was shown into the parlor, to wait a moment for Susie's appearance. The room was unoccupied, except by a young lady in black luster, with a knot of scarlet velvet at her throat, a profusion of long, yellow hair, and a plain, pleasant face, not at all pretty, who rose as Amos entered.

"I beg pardon; I expected to find Miss Bloom," said Amos, politely.

"She will be down in a moment. Please be seated," said the lady.

"She is here now, and glad to see you, Amos," said a familiar voice just behind him, and he turned to greet Susie, prettier and rosier than ever as she held out her hand, blushing and smiling, to welcome him.

"Tom," she said, turning to the yellow-haired young lady, "this is my friend, Mr. Amory. Amos, I will make you acquainted with my dear Tom Porter, of whom you have heard so much."

Amos nearly jumped out of his boots. He grew first red, then pale, and stammered forth:

"Porter! Tom! I—I thought—thought—Tom Porter was a man!"

Susie broke into a merry peal of laughter, in which Miss Porter joined. "You didn't! Is that what you've been putting about?" Susie cried. "Amos, I do believe you've been jealous of Tommy!"

Amos didn't deny the accusation, but he just caught Susie and kissed her, right before her friend, and then to complete his audacity, he kissed Miss Porter, too, telling her it was to make up, but forgetting to say "make up" for what!

However, he knew very well what for, and only blessed his lucky stars that he had not told Susie he wouldn't go to Howardsville with her and Tom Porter, for now he was entirely willing to go.

"It's owing to my boy's name, I suppose," said Miss Porter, when Amos made all the explanation he intended to make of his mistake. "You see, my mother had a dear brother who was away in California, and when he heard of my birth, he wrote and begged that if I was a boy, I might

HER QUESTIONS.

BY EDWIN ROSS.

More than all the world is with me,
When the world is far away;
When the night falls, love the sky;
And the love of the sunlight
Sheds on two a single ray!

"Darling, tell me, do you love me?
Love me as the stars above me?
When the night falls, love the sky?
Love me so, that come whatever,
Thou and I shall never die!"

"Do you love me—closer hold me—
In the dark as thou hast told me
Thou dost love me in the day?
Love me so that whoso cometh,
Love for us shall be always!"

More than all the world is with me—
More than all the world, I say—
When the eye succeeds the morning,
And the day is love's own day;
For I never answer Nay!

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

This immense sensation was followed by a smile of incredulity.

Ruth began to tremble, to flush and pale, and to show embarrassment for the first time. But she steadied her voice and went on:

"I'm telling you the solemn truth, as God is my judge. I will explain how it all happened. The night—that night of Mr. Otis's disappearance—the first thing I thought of when Jasper Judson came back to us, there on the ice, with news that Mr. Otis had gone down under the ice, was that Jasper was in some way responsible for the accident. It seemed to me that he could not have been so far behind his companion that he could not have saved him. I was wild at the thought of Mr. Otis's death, and I arose and accused Jasper, to his face, of being the means of his death. In my excitement and despair I really thought so. I came home, and while the others talked over the affair, I sat silent, brooding over it, and accusing Jasper in my mind. I went to bed when the others did, and after awhile I fell into a sleep, but not a natural sleep. You can ask my father and mother on this point; they will prove to you that I have sometimes—often—fallen in my sleep. I did so that night. I suppose I took my dreadful, revengeful thoughts against Jasper into my sleep. I got up and dressed myself and took Jasper's knife—I had borrowed the knife of him, before I left the house, to fix my skates—make a new slit in the strap, it was—and instead of returning it, I carelessly slipped it into my own pocket. I also took one of Mr. Otis's gloves, which I found on the hall floor, as I came down, and with these, I went noiselessly out of the house, and ran for the ice. When I got there I deliberately made a wound in my left arm, and allowed the blood to trickle out on the ice; I also stained the blade with it; I then placed the glove close to the brink of the hole in the ice, and the knife I threw where it was found. If you ask why I did this strange thing, I cannot further explain it. I can show you the scar of the wound in my arm, and mother can testify that she found it after I was taken so ill, and dressed and cared for it without ever knowing how it came.

The prosecution then asked her "Why, if she had done this thing, she had on the following day accused Jasper Judson, and tried out against him as the murderer?" She answered that all knowledge of what she had done that night had left her mind, and had never returned to it until last night.

That, last night, being very much troubled at the thought of having to testify against her life-long friend, Jasper, she had fallen asleep, and in her dreams the whole matter had been made plain to her—that when she awoke she looked for the scar on her arm, and found it, and felt a positive certainty of the truth of what she had stated; that a great peace had fallen on her, and she had been comforted and supported since, not only by the consciousness that the most positive proofs against the accused were removed by her own hand, but also, that in her dream it had been revealed to her that Henry Otis was not dead, but alive and well, and within a hundred miles of Pentack.

The air of perfect faith in what she was saying which Ruth wore, the glow of joy on her young face, made a deep impression on many who heard her words; but lawyers take no stock in "the stuff dreams are made of," and cold, incredulous smiles from them chilled the effect which the earnest words of the girl had made on others.

It became whispered about the court-room that Ruth Fletcher had arisen from her long illness not quite right in her mind; and looks of pity and curiosity were fastened upon her. Altogether, that which she had testified, with the simple faith that it would at once set Judson free, went rather against him than for him, so it was accepted only as the excited imagination of a diseased brain.

She was cross-examined very slightly, it being taken for granted that the testimony of a person in Miss Fletcher's condition of mind must be worthless.

There were a number among the audience, however, who implicitly believed what she had said. Among these was Honoria Appleton, who had come to this public place from no morbid curiosity, but in an agony of grief and suspense, and quite certain that her cousin was the victim of whose death the prisoner stood accused. Something of the pale anguish of her face went away when Ruth stated that she had, in her dream, received the assurance that Otis was yet alive. She felt the truth of the girl's story about the placing of the knife and glove in her sleep, and a great hope sprang up in her breast that Otis might, after all, be alive.

After this she had time to wonder how it was that Mildred appeared on the scene; and when, the cross-examination over, and Ruth's mother's testimony—which corroborated her daughter's as to the wound on Ruth's arm—having been taken, the Fletchers and Mildred left the court-room, Honoria hastened from her place, and met them just outside the door.

"Milla! Milla! stay a moment. How came you here?"

"I read of this in the papers, Miss Appleton, and I knew, in a moment, that this Henry Otis was our Otis. Could I help coming?"

Mildred, in the agitation of the moment, had forgotten that Miss Appleton was not supposed to be aware of her identity.

"You did right to come, Milla, of course."

You could not stay away. I know who you are, dear Milla, and how you loved him—you left your diary with me, you know, and I had to look in it for some clue to the owner of so much property as had been abandoned on my hands. Yes, dearest, who has a sad right to be here, if not Otis's wife?"

"Did you say his wife?" interrupted Ruth, hastily.

"Yes. Miss Fletcher, this lady is Otis's wife, and I am his cousin. His true name was Henry Otis Garner. He had trouble with his uncle, and dropped the family name, I suppose, when he went out to earn his own—"

Miss Appleton came to a full stop in her explanation, for Ruth, with a low moan, had thrown herself on her mother's breast and sunk into a swoon.

They carried her into the hotel across the way, where she was, after an alarming time, revived.

Honoria and Mildred had gone with the mother, and remained until Ruth recovered.

"Why did you not tell me you were his wife?" was her first question, as her dim eyes turned reproachfully to Mildred.

"I did not think you strong enough to bear the shock; nor that it would be necessary you should ever know, seeing that he was dead, and would never—"

"But he is not dead," almost shrieked Ruth, "I saw him last night, and I tell you, he is alive! Mother! mother! take me home. Take away from these fine ladies, whom he loves. The very sight of them is death to me!"

CHAPTER XXII.

ROSES IN PRISON.

The trial ran a rapid course, for on the third day it was ended. No proof that Jasper Judson had committed murder could be adduced, except such circumstantial evidence as the reader has heard. This, throwing out Ruth's testimony—which the judge, in his charge to the jury ordered them to do, saying that the girl was probably partially demented—was very strong against the prisoner; anyhow, the jury seemed to have made up its mind before the first day of the trial was over, that he was guilty; and on the third day, after only half an hour's deliberation, it returned with a verdict of "manslaughter," as the judge had charged them that the killing of the teacher under the "emotional insanity" caused by a sudden paroxysm of jealousy, could be construed into manslaughter, rather than willful murder.

So Jasper Judson was remanded to the county jail until the following week when he was to be removed to the State's prison, there to endure an imprisonment of ten years—the judge, moved by pity for the heart-broken parents and the youth of the prisoner, making the term as brief as he dared, considering the character of the crime.

The excitement in Pentack was by no means over with the trial.

Ruth Fletcher's statements were credited by many who knew her, and visiting her house saw no evidences of unsound mind.

It was a tid-bit for gossip, too, that the schoolmaster, though never mentioning the fact, had been a married man. This had leaked out through some bystanders who had overheard the conversation at the court-house door.

This fact greatly increased the sympathy for Jasper Judson. Guilty or not, it was considered too bad that Mr. Otis should have allowed his jealousy to arise against him when he was a married man. Poor Jasper began to loom before their eyes in the light of a martyr. There was talk of a petition to have the case retried.

There was also a keen curiosity to see the wife of the missing teacher. Rumors of her marvelous beauty, and of the fabulous wealth and power of the Garner family to which the schoolmaster belonged, deepened the interest in the romance of real life. Miss Appleton, who had been before the great lion of the place, was now the object of deepest interest.

She herself, with her beauty, style, fashion and wealth, was a living witness to the splendors that waited on the Garners.

Everybody declared that he, or she, had always known that Mr. Otis was some prince in disguise; his air of elegance, his haughty reserve, his diamond sleeve-buttons, had betrayed that. But the heartless sympathy was for Jasper and his parents.

The second day after his sentence, at about five in the afternoon, Jasper was told that a visitor waited outside for permission to enter his room. This was not a novel occurrence—since dozens of people had already tried the patience of the jailer, either asking permission to visit the prisoner, or sending in little gifts of choice cookery, or books, or flowers.

His room was not a very unpleasant place, being lighted thoroughly by two good-sized windows, its walls hung with engravings, placed there by his mother, and his little table covered with books and bonquets; but it was a prison, and there were iron bars over these windows which destroyed the charm of the free sunlight.

The jailer did not say who it was that was waiting outside; so that Jasper was completely surprised, as he raised his heavy eyes, to see standing before him, wan and white as a spirit, her wasted hands clasping a great bunch of roses, mignonette and heliotrope, her great brown eyes fixed piteously upon him as if beseeching him not to strike her to the floor, Ruth Fletcher.

"Jasper!" she began, when he gazed sternly upon her without a word of welcome. "Jasper, I have come to beg you to forgive me for ruining your life in every way, as I have done."

Still his stern eyes looked on her coldly, and his compressed lips did not open either to welcome her or utter the word of pardon.

Slowly, slowly, never taking her piteous eyes from his countenance, she sunk on her knees, her trembling hands letting fall in the shower over her white dress the perfumed blossoms as she stretched them out to him.

"Jasper," she beseeched, with a sad humility, "overlaid by a strange current of irrepressible passion, 'do forgive me! See, I humble myself at your very feet. If I could undo what I have done I would think nothing of being laid away in my grave after it. I alone am to blame for all this terrible state of affairs. I am the sole author of all the trouble. If I had not been vain I should not have thought that the teacher loved me; if I had not been false, I should not have scorned you, whom I prized before, and turned to him. Mr. Otis never loved me—never cared for me—Jasper, did you know he was a married man before ever we saw him?"

"I heard, yesterday, that such was the story," his voice was chilling, his stern eyes seemed to smile a little at the idea of her mortification when she heard of this.

"When I look back, I can see that he never made love to me. It was only his gallant, flattering city manners which made me believe myself the favored one. Oh, Jasper, do you

not pity me for my share of this trouble? Think of the humiliation I must suffer when I think of my foolish conduct, and what he must have thought of me. It half kills me to recall it. But it is not for myself I have any pity. My punishment I can bear. It is your suffering that is gnawing at my heart. I have blighted your life, crushed, disgraced you. I have thrown you into prison. I am the means of your long, cruel sentence. But you shall not endure that! You are innocent—innocent. I will yet prove it to them. More than that, Mr. Otis is alive. I see him in my dreams every night. They say I am insane; but you do not think so, do you, Jasper?"

"No," said he, "you are not insane. I, too, feel that that man is alive. Why, look at it! They have never found his remains! Could they walk out of the river of themselves! Men are fools, after all."

"Yes, Jasper, he is alive, and I will find him."

Something like a halo shone about her wan face.

Jasper looked at her, kneeling there to him. Her lovely dimples, her rosy bloom, her gold-threaded chestnut curls were gone.

Her young form was wasted to a shadow, her sweet mouth was pale, her eyes shone out of dark hollows in her white face, but never, in the days of his glad boy passion, had Ruth been so lovely to him as then, kneeling to him in his prison room.

He could not forgive her—no, no, he could never forgive her! but he loved her with a wild, terrible love that battled fiercely with his anger and jealousy. When he heard her say—"He is alive and I will find him," the old pang of jealousy tore at his heart-strings and he answered her:

"No, do not look for him. I would rather pine in prison than have you meet that man again. Let him go."

For a moment Ruth wondered; then a sad smile came about her lips.

"You think I would come under his influence again, Jasper? that all the old vanity and folly would revive? No; you are mistaken. My love was almost dead before I heard that little lady avow herself his wife; at that news, it gasped and drew its last breath. It would be as impossible for me, now, to love this Otis Garner as for a fiend to enter the gates of heaven."

"Ruth, get up from off your knees. I do not like you to kneel to me, and that floor is no place for one in your health."

"Tell me first, Jasper, that you forgive me."

"You ask a great deal, Ruth. Will you not give me time to think over your petition? It is not so easy to forgive, all in a moment."

"I care not for a cold, calculating forgiveness. If it came from your heart, one second would be time enough."

"It was—it is. Ruth, I forgave you the moment my eyes rested on you in the court-room, and I saw how hard you had suffered."

"Oh, Jasper, is this true?"

"Yes, I forgave you, even when I thought that your illness was caused by grief for another and not for me."

"Jasper, you are noble, generous—the same boy you always have been."

She picked up a few of the sweetest flowers, arose from her knees, and approached him to give him the blossoms.

As he took them he grasped the little hand that held them, and looked hard into her face.

"Will you think of me, summer evenings, Ruth, when the breath of roses is sweet all about you, and I am languishing in prison?"

She burst into tears, sobbing piteously.

"You shall not go to that place, Jasper. You shall not! Or, if they are so cruel as to take you, I shall ask father and mother to go and live near that prison, and I will visit you every day, and bring you roses winter and summer."

"Then I shall be quite willing to go, Ruth."

"I shall live there near you, and bring you flowers and write you letters, and prove to you how patient and faithful I can be. I will never desert you; I will show you that I am no longer a vain and silly school-girl. Then, perhaps—Jasper, perhaps—when those ten long, cruel years are passed, and you find me waiting at your prison door, you will be willing to—"

—to place confidence in me again, and to let me—love you—as you once loved me."

She hid her tear-dimmed eyes in the roses, then looked timidly into his face and smiled and blushed.

"Will you ever—let me love you, Jasper?"

"I will think about it," he answered, slowly, without even a smile. "Remember, I shall have ten years in which to make up my mind," but there was a glow deep down in his eyes which reassured Ruth and made her feel that she should be strong to wait and hope.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

The Line of Death.

A CALIFORNIA SKETCH.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"HOLD! If you value your life don't take another step! You are upon the Line of Death! But one man ever crossed it and lived!"

It was a startling command, given in an excited tone, and although I saw nothing to warrant its need I had, nevertheless, respect enough for the man to heed his singular warning, and accordingly stopped abruptly in my course to wait impatiently for his explanation.

We were in the Silver Mountain district, and had that morning, at my own desire, left the camp for the express purpose of exploring the wilds in that vicinity. My companion was a man who had spent half of his life in the mountains, and knew every inch of the land we were traversing. Thus when he had made the startling announcement already given, just as I had reached an opening in the forest a little in advance of him, I felt that there was some hidden meaning in his words.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "I see no danger."

"If you were not a stranger in these parts you would not ask that question," said my guide. "But, look here; you see that line where the green grass grows to the edge of the timber, above and below us, as far as you can see. Well, that is called 'The Line of Death.' If you take but one step over that line you go down into a quicksand of unknown depth. I have been in these diggings twenty odd years, and during that time no less than eight persons have gone down beneath that treacherous grass."

"But as I said, a moment ago, one person escaped."

"A few years ago there came to the mines a Mexican named Castello Calvo. But Castello Calvo, as we used to call him, was not of the common order of Mexicans, for he was as noble,

true-hearted a fellow as ever lived, and he soon got to be a great favorite among the boys."

"One day as Calvo was out prospecting he chanced to come this way, and not knowing of the terrible trap that lay here he attempted to cross to the other side. But at the first step he sunk into the quicksand up to his knees, and in his frantic efforts to get out he sunk still deeper into its unknown depths."

"Not dreaming of the peril he was encountering, Calvo at first thought nothing serious of his situation; but, attempting to get upon solid footing, he slipped further and further from the bank, and still continuing to sink deeper and deeper into the frightful depths below him, without any prospect of touching bottom, he began to realize the danger menacing him, and, exercising more care than he had at first done, he labored with redoubled energy."

"But, too late! The sand yielded without resistance, and slowly but surely he felt himself drawn down, down into its dark and fathomless depths."

"As soon as he found that he could not get out alone Calvo began to shout for help, yet knowing that there was not one chance in a thousand of his being heard. Still, as he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, he knew his only hope lay in that direction, small as it was, and he shouted louder and louder, till he was hoarse and faint."

"After crying for help till he was nearly speechless, and trying to extricate himself till he was almost exhausted, and still finding that he was only getting into the quicksand worse and worse, with no chance of his being rescued, hope died out. He was in nearly up to his shoulders, and it seemed as if he must perish. To add to the terror of his terrible situation night was fast setting in—a night which he felt would last to him forever."

"At the critical moment when death seemed so near, he suddenly thought of the lasso, which, true to the character of his race, he always carried with him. Then his hopes brightened, for it seemed as if he had one chance of escape."

"Standing a short distance from the bank was the stump of a broken-down tree, about a dozen feet in height. Quickly undoing the lasso from his person, Calvo, with the proverbial skill of his countrymen, dextrously threw the running noose over the end, where it caught and was securely held. But the movement caused him to sink still deeper into the quicksand; however, he heeded it not, as he supposed he could now draw himself out upon terra firma without difficulty."

"Poor Calvo! Judge of his surprise and consternation when he found he could raise himself but a few inches at the most. When, after repeated trials, he found that he could not draw himself out, and at the best could only keep in his present position, he fastened the rope around his waist to save the strain upon his arms in holding his weight, and prepared for the inevitable—to pass a lonely night in that terrible place, down into the living quicksand up to his shoulders, hanging there by the lasso."

"Thus, hour after hour wore tediously away, bringing him sufferings which can be better imagined than told."

"Morning dawned at last, and soon after daybreak a party of miners chanced to pass near the place, when, hearing poor Calvo's feeble cries, they hastened to his rescue; and after considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting him out upon solid footing. But he was more dead than alive; and it was months and months before he fully recovered from the effect of that night's fearful adventure."

"There you have the story of the only person who was ever known to cross that green line and live. Now you cannot wonder why we call it 'The Line of Death.'"

Remember Benson.*

FOR THREE MALES.

Characters:

OLD BENSON, a farmer.

OLD MR. GROVER, a city merchant.

GODFREY, his son.

(Enter GODFREY and OLD BENSON. OLD B. carries a plethoric old-fashioned carpet-bag which he deposits on the side of the room as he enters. Scene in parlor or library, but little "furniture" is necessary.)

GODFREY. I say, Old Beeswax, what do you want? Are you deaf as a horse-block?

BENSON. The house block? It is in this block, and this is the house—No. 404. I'm looking for Ashbel Grover. Does he live here?

G. That's the governor. What does the old chap want of him? (Shouts.) I say, what do you want with the governor?

BEN. Want of a governor? Nothing but to have him mind his business and draw his salary.

G. Bless me, but your ears are solid. (Shouts.) What do you want of father?

BEN. Want father? Why, nothing. I want to see Ashbel Grover. Tell him an old friend has called to see him—a friend from the country.

G. Why, this is a pretty kettle of fish. This old codger, if he is an old friend, will probably stay some time and the governor'll just split trying to talk with him, so I'll have to do the talking, and go into a bronchial consumption. (Shouts.) I'll bring in the infant.

BEN. Infant! Young man, you mistake me; I came to see Ashbel Grover, not an infant.

G. Oh, all right! Only was your ears wet with fresh oil, for when two deaf old men get together there'll be broken glass. (Exit.)

BEN. Old! Talking about the governor and an infant. Little weak in the head, I fear. (Re-enter GODFREY, accompanied by MR. GROVER. BENSON advances.) My name is Benson. I'm near neighbor to Pliny Green, your own sister's husband, if so be you are Ashbel Grover.

MR. GROVER. (To GODFREY.) What does he say?

G. (Shouts in father's ear.) He says his name is Ashbel Green, and that a man named Benson married his father's sister; if so be your name is Pliny Grover.

MR. G. God bless me, what does the man mean?

*From the DIME DIALOGUES, No. 19, Just Out, containing many original charming and effective School, Exhibition and Parlor Dramas, Burlesques, Farces, Funny Scenes, Moral Colloquies, Dress Pieces, etc., for all grades of scholars. One of the most available and desirable books of dialogues ever offered. The distinguishing feature of these DIME DIALOGUES is the fact that most of the pieces are prepared especially for these admirable volumes by the best of writers in that difficult field of composition. Hence their immense popularity. Sent post-paid, to any address. Supplied to Schools, Classes and Exhibitions at one dollar per dozen. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers.

G. (In his father's ear.) I'll ask him. (In BENSON'S ear.) Father says there is no opening for a situation save on the Nicaragua Canal unless you want 100 barrels prime mess at 102, buyer 60 days, or 5 per cent. off for check.

BEN. God bless me, what is the matter? Are you crazy, young man? I'm not in the pork trade.

G. Not crazy, oh, most noble Festus, but trying to solve a problem in navigation. We're off soundings, you see.

BEN. Off soundings at sea?

G. Certainly. Mr. Pliny Grover wants to know how Benson came to marry Ashbel Green's wife's sister?

BEN. Confound you! You've made a pretty mess of it! Who said anything about Pliny Grover and Ashbel Benson? or Benson's marrying anybody's wife's sister?

G. All right. I'll see. (In his father's ear.) He says that Nebuchadnezzar's wife's sister is not married to Pliny Grover.

MR. G. Pliny Grover! Who the dogs is Pliny Grover?

G. I'll see. (In BENSON'S ear.) He wants to know if Pliny Grover married Nebuchadnezzar's wife's sister, what relative is Benson to him?

BEN. Oh, did I ever! Nebuchadnezzar's wife's sister? Why, you idiot, you've got things so infernally mixed I don't see how I'm to get 'em straight again. Now, sir, you ask him the plain question: "Do you know Benson?"

G. Certainly, sir, certainly. (In his father's ear.) Do you know Benson and Son?

MR. G. Benson and Son? Let me see. Why, no. There's Bean and Jason, and Bean Brothers, but I don't know such a firm as Beans and Son.

G. (To BENSON.) He says Beans and Son went out of business a year ago. Too much pork, you see, and not enough beans.

BEN. (Excited.) Another mistake! Why, you're as deaf as your father. Here, stand aside and I'll speak for myself. (To MR. G.) Do you know Benson?

MR. G. Oh, yes, very well. But, brother Benson has two sons—which one do you mean? The one that suspended?

BEN. (To GODFREY.) I don't hear. What does he say?

G. He says Ben's son was hung last week.

BEN. You lie, you scamp! No member of the family ever was hung. He couldn't have said that. Stand aside. I'll speak to him again. (To MR. G., speaking very slowly.) Do—y—o—u—k—n—o—w—B—e—n—s—o—n?

MR. G. Certainly I do—both of them. Promising men, though one did have to assign, last week.

BEN. Sign what! I shall get mad pretty soon. Mr. Grover, I again repeat (very loud) Do you know Benson?

MR. G. Confound Benson! Who's Benson? What has Benson got to do with this interview? Why don't you come to business, sir! What do you want?

BEN. Oh, give me patience! What is it he says? I catch only part of his words.

G. (In BENSON'S ear.) He was quoting Hamlet's soliloquy—"To be or not to be."

BEN. Hamlet's soliloquy! Is he moon-struck? Now, look here, young man; I came here to see Ashbel Grover.

G. Well, there he is; look at him.

BEN. To make inquiries for his sister, and to deliver some things she sent; but, hang me, if Ashbel Grover isn't crazy and you ain't a scamp or an idiot, then my name isn't Benson.

MR. G. What is he saying, and why don't he make his business known?

G. (In father's ear.) He says Hamlet's a humping and if he wasn't crazy then he was a fool, and if he wasn't a fool then his name wasn't Benson.

MR. G. Extraordinary!



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A BEAUTIFUL STORY

OR,
High Dramatic Interest

TO COMMENCE IN NUMBER 378.

A GIRL'S HEART;

OR,
Doctor Tremaine's Wooing.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A young girl of unacknowledged parentage, brought up under depressing influences, leads a peculiar life, and by rather simple train of circumstances is thrown in direct contact with those holding the secret of her life. Then commences the weaving of romance and the evolution of a drama of the keenest interest and excitement. The heroine is

NOT A BOLD, BRAVE GIRL,

but in her woman's devotion is braver than she knows and wiser than her persecutors ever dream; while in Doctor Tremaine the author develops a rarely-noble man, who, loving, keeps his love in leash, and walks forward in duty with a consciousness of the right that is sublime. In the

TWO INTRIGUING SISTERS

we have characters that are decidedly the author's own—resolute women doing wrong for a whole life, yet loving so well as to do ill for love's sake. It is a charmingly well-told heart and passion romance that will be perused with exceeding satisfaction.

Sunshine Papers.

A Managing Mamma.

Mrs. A. is an American, a wife, a mother, and a manager! At least all her friends acknowledge her to be the latter. Mrs. A. managed her household, her children, and her husband. She knew just what ought to be done in all cases, and said "let it be done," and it was done. Mrs. A. decided what school her children should attend, what they must study, and, having thoroughly American reverence for what is not American, that, to be properly finished, her children must travel a year abroad after leaving school. A year in Europe, she declared to admiring friends, was eminently essential to the completion of every young man's and woman's education.

Augustus and John were "finished." "Finished," that is, as far as they could be at home; and their managing mamma proceeded to make her arrangements for finishing them abroad in the approved style. Vainly Mr. A. mildly remonstrated that his financial situation would not admit of such a draft upon its resources as Mrs. A. demanded for a year's European tour. Mrs. A. was a manager, and Mrs. A. managed the finances. Said she, "Jonathan, there's our country residence. You and the girls can stay in town all the season and the farm can be sold. And when the girls are finished, and brought out, we can either board at some fashionable hotel, or times may be much better and you can buy another country place."

The farm was sold, and a housekeeper was hired to attend to the comforts of Mr. A. and the girls, and mamma and the boys started for Europe.

In a year mamma brought back the boys "quite finished," and one went into a mercantile house, where he still clerks it on six hundred a year, all of which salary that he can save from his board bills he expends in such costumes as correspond with the foreign airs he has assumed since his finishing process. The other youth went into a drug store, at five hundred a year, and then ran away with a banker's daughter. Being unable to support his wife and two children, the parental anger was gradually merged into pity, and papa-in-law has taken the whole family home to live, and furnishes the son-in-law with a position and salary adequate to the keeping of the youth's own wardrobe in order, while mamma-in-law buys the clothes for the wife and children.

Mrs. A. wondered how it is that her sons, having been so brilliantly educated and finished, failed to do more brilliantly in life. Not that she spent any great amount of time in such unfruitful meditations, for the girls were yet to be "brought out." Their time to be finished came, and found Mrs. A.'s financial difficulties greater than ever. But this fact, and some opposition from the eldest daughter, who was receiving quiet devoted attentions from an only son of wealthy parents, proved no impediment to the mother's conscientious pursuance of the path of duty.

"Jonathan," said Mrs. A., "the girls must be properly finished. When they come home, and it is known that they have been fashionably educated, and have traveled for a year in Europe, they will, of course, make good matches and be off your hands." In vain Jonathan suggested that he did not see as his boys had done any better for their "finishing." Mrs. A. retorted that girls were not like boys, and Sarah and Jane positively must go to

France, and Mr. A. must mortgage the brown-stone house that the funds might be raised. The house was mortgaged, and Mrs. A. and Sarah, and Jane, bade good-by to quite a coterie of friends on the deck of a European steamer—among them Sarah's beau. And the friends went away and said that Sarah A. and Rob. F. were surely engaged.

And the girls were finished and brought home, and a grand reception given, and people generally remarked that they did not see as the Misses A. were in any way improved by their European tour unless assuming no end of airs could be considered an improvement, and Rob did not renew his attentions to Sarah, and other gentlemen kept clear of the very affected, consequential young ladies, and Mr. A.'s money matters failed to mend. But Mrs. A. was a manager, and kept matters going for some time with considerable ease. Finally, however, the secret leaked out that Mrs. A. was taking boarders; and her acquaintances did not fail to spread the news and find in it considerable amusement.

Last week Mrs. A.'s house went under the hammer. Mrs. A.'s household goods were scattered toward the four corners of the globe, and the family have moved to a half-house, in a very unfashionable quarter, and the "finished" young ladies are looking for something to do! Their managing mamma has failed to secure them husbands, and has failed, at last, even in finding further resources, to fall back upon for their necessary support, and the young ladies are, now, ungratefully reproaching that estimable woman for spending so much money on "finishing them off," that they would now like to have, to invest in spring attire.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.

PLEASE don't be so hasty in your judgment. Think a little before you decide and reflect calmly before you condemn.

It is better to err a little on the right side. By that I mean I think it is better to imagine a person has virtues until you find out his vices than to suspect he has vices when he has more virtues.

If you have a doubt as to a person being guilty, give him the benefit of the doubt and acquit him.

Do you remember that poor young actor, who died upon the stage of a Western theater? As he was undergoing the torment of agonizing pain, the audience laughed at him. As paroxysms were coming upon him, he vainly endeavored to explain his position—they jeered him. They did not mean to be cruel and heartless; they were hasty in their judgment, and believed the poor fellow to be drunk. This was most aggravating to think of, for the man was strictly temperate, and so the manager told the audience. Let us hope that that audience left the theater with the resolve in their hearts to be less hasty in their judgments in the future; and let us also hope they have kept to that resolve.

A person's pocket is picked on the railway train, or on the steamer; people are wont to believe the story, and put down the teller as a liar. Of course he is a sharper, wants to avoid paying his fare—is either mean or dishonest. Many people might be classed in that catalogue, but not all. It's a bad enough predicament to be away from home and find out your loss, which is inconvenient and distressing enough of itself, without being classed in the category of swindlers. I am almost afraid to travel alone sometimes, on that very account. Now I don't pride myself on being good-looking, yet I've never been said to resemble a criminal, but if ever I should lose my pocket-book and ticket while traveling, I should not be the least surprised to hear a dozen voices perhaps two dozen—exclaim: "Only see the hump! Doesn't she look every inch an impostor?"

It is a pleasure to go shopping and imagine that some of the thousand little nick-nacks in the way of gloves, laces, handkerchiefs, displayed on the counter, will attract themselves to your sleeves and you suspected to be a shop-lifter!

I always want a seat by myself in the cars, unless some friend is with me, for if my neighbor were to lose his or her watch, people might think I had taken it!

Too many innocent persons are suspected nowadays, and I think I shall get some one to write me a certificate of good character—will you give me one, Mr. Editor?—so that I can travel with more safety.

If you are a wife, and have to remain at home, and you hear that your husband is quite attentive to some female "down-town," don't get excited too easily, and don't have visions of a separation running through your mind. The female may be a relative—an old friend—one to whom his attention is due. Have a little more confidence in your husband; believe him to be true until you know otherwise, and all the rumors you hear concerning him, unfavorable as to his character, will go "in at one ear and out at the other."

We judge others too quickly, unthinking that there may come a time when others may judge us, and condemn us as we have condemned others, while we know we are innocent, but others will not think so of us, because we have been so uncharitable as to believe others guilty who were not so.

Just think of the lovers' quarrels that might have been prevented, all the harsh words that might never have been spoken, all the cruel deeds that might have been prevented, if persons had but been less hasty in their judgments, and had not been too proud—and foolish—to ask explanations!

We don't think about what we say; we are too apt to "flare up," to "get mad," we don't think we live in glass houses, when we are flinging stones; we are too hasty.

Oh, dear, how I have hit myself in this essay! Well, perhaps you were not aware of the fact that Eve has many weak points, much in herself to correct, else she would not know the world was so faulty if she were faultless herself. If you doubt my word ask brother Tom, and he will tell you that my last remark was not a hasty judgment. EVE LAWLESS.

TACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboard where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another it is tact; for without tact the career of the richest and most beautiful is often utterly marred.

Foolscap Papers.

Baby Show.

I WAS the proprietor of a baby show in our town last week, but not of the babies.

Anybody who has a baby likes to show it, and therefore it was well patronized.

People who did not have them borrowed them for the occasion.

There were about eight hundred on exhibition, and I did not know there were half so many in town. I think some of them were imported.

As a general rule the fathers stayed away, as they said they had enough of them at home. The show was a regular Baby-land, and when I surveyed it I thought of Babel. How the babes bab-bled!

As everybody thought they had the prettiest baby, all the babies in town were there, and were divided into two classes, boys and girls. It was the *loveliest* show of the season.

Although I was the manager of the show I failed in every attempt to manage.

The show was advertised only six months. The following prizes were offered:
For the newest baby present, \$10.
For the baby that had the best development of the lungs, \$10.

In the worst baby, a spanking.
For the baby that cried all night—its father to be the judge, \$10.
For the baby that has scratched the most eyes out, \$9.

To the baby whose mother thinks there is no other baby like it, 50c.
For the baby whose father thinks it the cross-est baby in town, \$8.

For the baby who stays awake to enjoy the most spanking before it can be induced to go to sleep and then don't, \$2.
For the best deaf and dumb baby, \$50.

For the ugliest baby, \$10. (As there were no entries for this prize it was not awarded.)
For the baby that is no trouble at all—the mother's word, not the father's, taken, \$15.

For the best-looking pair of twins—said twins to be related to each other, \$10.
For the best six months' boy, broke to harness, \$10.

For the neatest last spring baby whose mother don't think it a good deal better than some other babies, \$25.
For the quietest baby that was ever born, \$15.

For the sweetest baby that was ever cradled in the lap of ages, (its grandmother), \$15.
For the one who can hold the most molasses on its face and keep it there, \$10.

For the baby that has the longest fingernails, and can use them the most, \$10.
For the worst two-year-old unbroken young one, one dollar.

For the most vociferous baby that does not cry any longer than all night for the benefit of the occupants of the story above, \$1.
For the baby that can stretch its mouth so wide that it can turn the inside of its head out and squall, \$10.

For the baby who can kick so lively that you could not hold it in a clothes-basket, or a barrel, \$10.
For the noisiest houseful of young ones up to five years old, \$10.

For the best three-year-old baby that can tumble down stairs and then not stop squalling, \$15.
For the baby who can take hold of your beard the soonest, and let go of it the latest, \$10.

For the best-looking little red-headed baby with cross eyes and pigeon toes, \$10.
For the best two-year-old baby that can worm out of your hands like an eel in spite of all that you can do, the quickest, \$10.

For the baby that has the most hair—in its hands from your head, \$5.
For the best bottle-fed baby, \$10.

For the nicest little baby that was ever born into this world, \$25. (This offer I withdrew upon mature consideration, as I hadn't money enough for all.)

For the baby who so delights to be with its father that it will never leave his arms while he walks the floor all night to get up an appetite for breakfast, \$5.

For the baby that can slobber over your shirt-front without half-trying, \$10.
For the baby that can hold its breath the longest—if it is an extra cross one all the time, \$10.

For the finest-looking baby that can take castor oil the best, \$5.
For the sweetest little baby that doesn't attend this show, \$15.

No bachelors admitted unless in arms—of the girls.

The proceeds of the first night will be devoted to the purchase of pargorie and soothing syrup.

No old maids or old bachelors will be permitted on the list of judges.

Babies must be accompanied by parents or guardian, and in no case will they be allowed to come here alone.

Mothers will not be permitted to pinch their neighbors' babies and make them cross.

No baby will be allowed to cry any more than it wants to, and then if possible only one at a time.

Mothers will not be allowed to make disparaging remarks about other babies, even if they are better looking than their own.

The proprietor of this show asks as a favor that none of the infants will be left on his hands when the show is over.

Admission fifty cents.

The show lasted three nights, and the squalling was so terrific it took all the freeing off the walls, and the last night, after the prizes were distributed, there was a regular riot, and a crowd of mothers, accusing me of partiality, pounced down on me, and if I had not been rescued by the police there would not have been enough of me left to subscribe myself

WASHINGTON WHITEIRON.

"TAKE care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald, straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.

When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale-jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you will give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving's bank.

Topics of the Time.

—Curious fish are found in Wallow's Lake, California, which are blood red in color, very fat, and are superior in delicacy to salmon. There are only four known lakes in the world where these fish are found.

—The Prince of Montenegro was educated in Paris, and was one of the stars of his rhetoric class, in which he took several prizes. When he was graduated in '58 he was a tall young man with a pale and serious face expressive of energy.

—A Russian engineer named Peretiaklo has invented a sort of land monitor, in which an artilleryman sits in a tower, and drive about in battle, shooting as they go. The contrivance is moved by steam, and is about to be tested by the Government.

—Colonel S. S. Taylor, of Cairo, Ill., has carried in his valise for many years, while traveling, a rope ladder and a thick pair of gloves. At the burning of the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, where he was a guest, the ladder and gloves saved his life.

—The potato bug has more lives than a cat. An experiment was recently made in the central part of the State with some bugs frozen in a cake of ice. Upon placing the ice where the rays of the sun could strike, the bugs soon manifested signs of life, and became as lively as ever.

—In the recent great walking match at London, through constantly walking in one direction around the hall, O'Leary had the muscles of one leg contracted and a drop of at least three inches of the shoulder on the same side. The whole was a great feat, and he made 26 abrupt turns to each mile, always swung in the same direction.

—The dog-fish which Captain Boynton encountered while crossing the Straits of Messina was bravely engaged by the famous swimmer, who gave the ferocious animal a prompt and telling gash in the head with the long knife he carries in his girdle. The fish turned and fled, but not without giving its antagonist a heavy blow with its tail, which bruised one of the captain's shoulders.

—The Princess Bismarck is said to be radiant over her husband's retirement. She considers his health, and doesn't want to hear anybody talk of his taking up active political life again. At a dinner given by the prince recently on the occasion of her birthday one of his guests proposed a toast on the early return of the chancellor to politics. Bismarck rose and touching glasses with his guests said: "To my deliverance."

—The late Ross Winans of Baltimore has left most of his property to his two sons, Dewitt Clinton Winans and Walter Scott Winans. He bequeathed to each of them \$50,000. Mr. Winans, an annuity of \$7,200, with the residence No. 51 Hollins St., the furniture in it, the carriages, etc., "to enable her to maintain, after his death, her present style of living," as expressed in the will. To be in lieu of dower interest and of the provisions in the marriage settlement.

—The advice "Go West" has been followed too well, according to an alarmed newspaper at Dallas, Texas, and the cry is now raised, "Young man, go back." The trouble appears to be that there has been a rush of Northern tramps to Texas; and the unusual picture of men begging their bread in the streets of Dallas has caused the Dallas Herald to issue the cry. The trouble is probably not so alarming as it seems, but it may be as well for those who think of rushing off to Texas without forethought to understand that *The Dallas Intelligencer* says, "Go back."

—The Agricultural Society of Nebraska had an "Arbor Day" Wednesday, April 25. On that day the State pays \$50 to the person who plants the most trees, \$25 to the person who plants the most hard-wood trees, \$10 to whoever plants the most cuttings, and \$25 for the greatest number of trees planted by one man in the month. This system has been in operation several years, and has resulted in the creation of a large area of embryo forests, greatly needed in that State, where there is a large amount of prairie.

—The Royal Department of Agriculture, Prussia, regards potato-bugs as a synonym for famine, and cautions captains, sailors and passengers of German sailing between the United States and Germany to the most watchful in looking out for the bugs, their eggs, and larvae. They can do so by thoroughly examining all vegetables brought on board; even the earth which may be sticking to the potatoes can become a vehicle for eggs. Good larvae are packed in potato beer must also be searched. It is declared to be unlawful to import potatoes from America to Germany, or to take ashore potato-peel or kitchen refuse of any kind.

—Dom Pedro is an indefatigable and restless tourist, but there comes a time when Nature will have her rights, and she doesn't always take them conveniently to the emperor. Late, after spending his day in energetically exploring a certain Italian city, he was obliged to attend in the evening some scientific conference. Seated in a comfortable chair, he appeared to listen with extraordinary attention to the orator of the occasion, and that gentleman, very much flattered, judged it wise to embroider his discourse with an excessively pompous and diffuse eulogy of his imperial auditor. The rest of the audience thought it only polite to applaud his remarks, and immediately made a great noise. Dom Pedro, waking suddenly out of a long and sound nap, imagined that this applause was addressed to the scientific opinions of the lecturer, and instantly began to clap his hands with a convinced and instructed air. Tableau!

The growth of this country is well shown by the fact that the man is still alive who after half a century built the first railway engine made on this continent. That man is our esteemed and philanthropic citizen, Peter Cooper. He built the engine, after his own designs, in Baltimore, little over thirty years ago, and it was successfully operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Mr. Cooper was the first person to apply with success anthracite coal to the pudding of iron, which he did in a rolling and wire mill that he had erected in this city. He afterward removed the machinery to Trenton, N. J., where he erected the largest rolling mill at that time (1849) in the United States for the manufacture of railway iron, and at which he was subsequently the first to roll wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings. Mr. Cooper was 76 last February, and feels as deep an interest in the country and in all its people, particularly the laboring classes, as when he reared that noble monument to his memory and their advantage, the Cooper Institute.

—Thiers was 80 years old on the 16th of April. He has excellent health and suffers from nothing more serious than a slight nervous twitching of the eyelids. Recently, when some one expressed surprise at his incomparable and insupportable stock of anecdotes, Thiers answered: "If youth is romance, age is history." It is told of Thiers that at Versailles, near the end of the last war, he was alone with Bismarck in a badly-ventilated hotel room, disputing conditions; and at the end of a sharp discussion of three hours, worn out with fatigue, he resumed his arguments in a voice quite exhausted. "You cannot go on," said M. de Bismarck; "you would do well to rest yourself a little; here is a sofa; stretch yourself on it and sleep for a couple of hours, after which we will resume negotiations." "And you?" said M. Thiers. "Oh! I have no time to rest," replied the Chancellor; "while you sleep I shall finish some dispatches and look over my papers." M. Thiers was nearly asleep, when M. de Bismarck, perceiving that his legs were not covered and fearing lest he should be cold, gently stretched a fur cloak over him. Two hours later negotiations were recommenced.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "From Shore to Shore;" "The Passenger;" "June's Eve;" "A Memento;" "They are Waiting;" "Woofing and Weeping;" "When True Hearts Meet;" "The Rose and the Thistle;" "Dorothy's First Sorrow;" "The Hurt Heart;" "Spending Diamonds."

Declined: "Saved at Last;" "Virtue;" "A Night of Peril;" "The Two Spirits;" "Will She Marry?" "A Novice in Love;" "The Tryout;" "Miss Miller's Strange Speech."

MERCY. The gentleman named is married, and is about thirty-five years of age.

ARCADIA. One-Armed Alf is out of print. We cannot supply papers so far back.

T. F. Jr. Sketch good enough for use, but we have a surplus of that class of matter.

ODIPUS. We do not care for puzzles, leaving that class of matter to the youth papers.

DEATH SHOT. Cannot supply the back numbers indicated. The poetry quoted is written by some experienced hand.

EMMA CLARK. Send along the poems, of course. It makes not the slightest difference to us whether the author has a name or is unknown to fame. So long as the poem is worthy, and we can find room for it, it gives us great pleasure to put it in print.

TOMMY. The poem "Never Told a Lie," credited to the Boston *Standard* *Review* *of* *the* *State*, was cribbed from Joe Rot, a tiny, dark, and very thin for this paper. His g of things are flying all through the press of the country uncredited. He writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

MAY. The gentleman takes an unwarrantable liberty. Even if he was your betwixt, he would not be justified in such liberties in the presence of company. Express yourself as hurt in feelings at his conduct, and if he does not see the matter in your light, absolutely refuse his company. If he really loves you that will bring him to his good senses.

BOY ROVER. There are many tribes of Indians that have deserted the wild life of savages for the peaceful pursuits of civilization. All the tribes moved from the States are largely self-supporting. The Wyandots were so before the war, and are now. Only a remnant of the Delaware and Pottawatomie now exist. The Hurons and Ottawas long since ceased to exist as a tribe. A remnant of the old "Six Nations" still live in Canada.

WILLIAM WEED. You can learn to make fancy articles, frames, brackets, boxes, baskets, etc., by purchasing a scroll saw and a box of designs and book of instructions. The whole will cost you a great deal, and you will find it a pretty and useful employment. There is no reason why you should not earn something by your work. You entered in producing pretty brackets, you will, doubtless, find ready sale for them in your village.

JENNIE H. H. The new purses, used by ladies for silver coin, are mostly made of steel or silver wire, setting with a fringe at the bottom and clasped top; but the old style long netted purses of silk with steel slides upon them, are again becoming popular. Ladies can make this style themselves. The ends are completed by tassels of steel beads. Netting is pretty, graceful work, and the purses are both useful and ornamental, and make a pretty gift.

AN ASPIRANT. Many of our colleagues have a "Law Department," but by far the greater number of law students simply "read law" in some lawyer's office—hence a literal sense of the term "leggers" and "practitioners" who are no credit to the profession. Don't think of becoming a lawyer unless you have first-class talent for its peculiar claims, and next unless you can go to the best law school of study and training. Of course you ought to read Latin.

BENNY JOHNS. The expression "gold lady's watch" is correct, but would be better written "lady's gold watch." A gold watch is a lady's watch, your sketch. "He woke up to find them all collected together." This is a double tautology of expression. Say "He woke up to find them all collected." Many professedly correct writers make both these errors. Also, never say or write the uncouth form "cannot but help thinking," etc. You mean "can but help," etc.

MILTON FIELDING. You can get invitations for a wooden wedding engraved upon wood by applying to any large stationers. The usual ring used as a guard to a wedding is a small gold ring, chased gold, in the different shades of the ore. Gentlemen do not wear the plain gold ring very largely in this country; but upon the European continent, especially among the Germans, every married man wears a wedding-ring upon the third finger of his left hand, to correspond with his wife's.

NEW HAMPSHIRE says: "Can you tell me how to clean black alpaca and black cashmere, to make them look neatly? To clean black alpaca, wash in breadths and soak them, something over twelve hours in a pailful of cold salted water; rinse, and then through a water mangle blue as possible with indigo. Hang up to dry without wringing, and while yet slightly damp iron upon the wrong side. Wash cashmere off with a sponge, and a solution of borax and water, on the right side; press while damp on the wrong side.

MRS. M. O. N. asks how old a child should be before her mother puts corsets on her? We would advise mothers with little daughters never to put corsets upon them. As long as possible, let them wear princess and gabelle suits, where all the weight of the dress is suspended from the shoulders. Girls never subjected to tight lacing, and who grow up wearing the entire weight of the clothing suspended from the shoulder, and used to plenty of air and exercise, will grow up perfectly healthy and more beautiful of form than if laced to order by them.

NETTIE Y. We must absolutely refuse to give any young lady recipes for the use of such drugs as will surely injure her health. Good health is one of the greatest blessings heaven bestows upon mortals, and no one possessed of common sense would seek to gain some trifling point of beauty at the expense of personal injury. If you are robust and strong, and do not desire to wear the entire weight of the clothing suspended from the shoulder, and used to plenty of air and exercise, will grow up perfectly healthy and more beautiful of form than if laced to order by them.

MIDIE WILLCOFFS writes: "I am in serious trouble, and am so filled with doubts and as I feel annoyed by scolding and advice from many people, that I have resolved to trust to your kind and impartial judgment in my present dilemma. I became acquainted with a gentleman whom I learned to love dearly. He is handsome, educated, refined, and very affectionate; but my parents have discovered that he is somewhat fast, and they are determined that I shall not marry him. At the same time I have a suitor whom they are striving to make me marry, though they know he is a poor fellow, and cannot treat him decently. He is much older than I, a widower with children, coarse, uneducated, and stingy; but a well-to-do farmer. My lover knows all that my parents have said, and he is determined to marry me, and promises to do all that I or I could desire; but my folks say I shall never marry him with their consent. I am old enough to do as I like. What ought I to do? One man I love with all my heart, the other I despise." Do not marry a man you despise. Our advice is to absolutely refuse to marry either for a year or two, and by waiting give your lover a chance to fulfill his promises of reform and win your parents' regard. If he does so, and you, yourself, are fully convinced of his sincerity, and the unchanged regard of both parties, you may then marry him, without consulting other persons. Remember, it is a life choice, and patient waiting and future gain is better than to "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

MINNIE EAGAR, writes: "What is the proper dress for a gipsy maid to

AMOR VINCI.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

Tantalizing weakness!
Spell-bound, oh, for shame!
By a pair of blue eyes
Lit by love's bright flame!

How should I be stricken
By two love-lit eyes?
I, so philosophic,
I, so wondrous wise?

I, by pride elated,
Never dreamt, oh, no!
That a woman's fancy
Could my will subdue.

I, to care for woman!
Who the sex abhorred;
Wondered that men in them
That could be adored:

Took them for pert triflers;
Painted butterflies;
Giddy laughter; mock-herols,
Empty enticements:

Laughed at tender glances,
Sneered at heaving sighs,
Looked on declarations
But as gilded lies:

Watched the gaudy shadows
In my stole pride;
Smiled at their endeavors
Empty heads to hide.

Heartiest welcome smile they
On the rich man's son;
Noses turn up at him
When the play is done.

Pledging at the altar
Love that knows no death;
Making of the froskide
But a hell on earth:

Woman!—I have called her
Quintessence of life,
Taken to her bosoms
To turn and kill:

Golden, roseate apple,
Core but poisoned ash;
Hollow, heartless nothing,
Born to lies and flash.

I had watched the mother
School her bright-eyed girl
How to lace her bodice,
How to adjust a curl.

She, a willing pupil,
Scarcely needing art;
Mother Nature's taught her
Well to play her part.

And I thought that never
Girl would be to me
More than painted picture,
Pretty, true, to see!

Vase of Nature's carving,
Wondrous piece of art,
Study for a sculptor,
Thing without a heart!

And yet two tiny feet,
Pattering along,
Cause my heart to beat like
Drum in battle strong.

Magnet ne'er was pole-witchee
More than witched am I
By the mellow luster
Of a beaming eye.

And I would not give my
Love for all the loves
Ever turned half-crazy
Wiser heads than Jove's.

What the End Was.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Una's caprice," said Mrs. Delabar, Una's married sister, with a scornful accent. "There is no use attempting to account for her wayward freaks. Mother will not and I cannot keep her under control. Your opinion would have weight with her, if you chose to exert it, Jerome. If it were my case I would not like my fiancée to make associates of that sort."

Jerome Carlisle had his back squared against a pillar, not that the pillar needed propping up, indeed, but he was constitutionally lazy, and one might fancy that he had registered a vow in heaven or elsewhere never to stand upright while a support stood which would afford him a leaning place.

"Ah, yes; if it were your case there would be all the difference in the world. I hope you are not going to judge me by that faithless Delabar, though. When my heart ceases to point to the load star of my existence—"

"Nonsense! Don't be ridiculous, please. If I had any fear for you, do you suppose I would take the trouble to put the teaching creature in your thoughts? If we pair her off with that Mr. Lorrimer she will not be very much in the way, and I want your co-operation in doing it."

"Mrs. Delabar, turning matchmaker! By Jove! she strikes me Lorrimer is capable of sparing you the trouble. Pity the only available gentleman of the lot of us should be such a general favorite, isn't it? You generous soul, don't fret. Rather than the new addition to our party should feel herself slighted, I'll endure the boredom of trying to do the agreeable myself. A teacher, did you say? An intellectual damsel then, I suppose. It's a deuced deal of trouble, but I'll furnish up my wits and be ready for her."

"He stood there like Patience on a monument," said Mrs. Delabar, relating the conversation to her mother later; "and, upon my word, I don't know now whether he was half-asleep or leaning in his seat, but he had registered a vow in heaven or elsewhere never to stand upright while a support stood which would afford him a leaning place."

"Lucette is never happy unless she is harping on some grievance which has its existence in her imagination only," said Una, who, pausing upon the threshold had heard the remark. "What that poor Mr. Lorrimer has done to merit her antagonism is one of those things which no one may find out. Best tell me that Miss Wallis has come. Have either of you seen her?"

"Not I," Mrs. Delabar answered for herself, curtly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brooke, "I left orders that the young person should be shown up to her room directly she should arrive, and—"

"And it is quite time the young person was having some attention paid her," cut in Una, imperiously. "I told you, Lucette, and I tell you now, mamma, I am not going to have Bertha Wallis majestically snubbed as music-teachers generally are in this house. It was very well while it was Miss Hagge, snuffy old thing! but poor little Bertha has quite enough of shadow life in that dingy seminary. I know all about her from the preceptress, and I am bound she shall have a glimpse of sunshine now if never before."

She passed on with that, singing as she went in the same spirit of defiance which shone forth from her brightly handsome face:

"My day is to-day, and to-morrow for thee;
But when shall that to-morrow be?"

"When, indeed?" thought Mrs. Delabar, grimly. "What with the stupidity of all these people it is likely to be when too much of your own sweet will loses you the best catch of a lifetime, my dear."

Bertha Wallis came timidly forward as that radiant apparition entered. It seemed like a dream to her yet, the piece of good fortune which had waited for her at Brooke Villa. It was

a very practical affair so far as Madame Lanier, the preceptress, was concerned. Every year since Una Brooke graduated from her establishment Madame had received a present when the family came down to their country-house, and very willingly sent her music-teacher to play polkas and waltzes to the gay young company thronging the villa from the time of their coming until their departure. That the young pupil-teacher had been promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by Miss Hagge's withdrawal—at one-half the latter's salary and her full capability—would not, Madame hoped, disappoint the expectations of her kind patrons at Brooke Villa.

Una, conducting the interview, glanced at Miss Wallis where she was walking in the grounds, and with a quick glow rising over her face, professed herself satisfied.

She gave her another look now, put her arm about her shoulders impulsively and kissed her cheek.

"You dear little thing!" she said. "You are even prettier than I thought you were."

"It was so kind of you to think of letting me come here."

"Very kind, indeed. A touch of dryness in Una's voice. 'You will probably think so still more when you find what a dissipated set we are, and you are kept out of bed to unconscionable hours jingling tunes when you ought to be gathering new force against the martyrdom of next term. I should think you had enough of that sort of thing at school.'"

"It is nice to get away from running the gamut forever," confided Bertha, naively.

"And you really like it here?"

"Like it! The words were too tame. 'Oh, how happy—how happy—how happy you must be. Do you know, Miss Brooke, you are the first person I ever saw who had everything they could possibly want.'"

"Everything I want?" unsophisticated child! Yes, I have everything!—finished under her breath with—"but my heart's desire."

Mr. Carlisle opened his eyes when the "intellectual damsel" first passed before his sight. A little creature, rosy and dimpled and bright, with fair hair and dark eyes, her dress of soft, gauzy blue, with puffs of snowy illusion and the gleam of Roman pearls, which he, in his masculine innocence, thought infinitely more becoming than the point lace and Ceylon pearls worn by Mrs. Delabar. Una was like a royal rose beside this charming little daisy, and yet—

Well, who can give any reason for the unreasoning course taken by that perverse emotion, sweetest and strongest in the youthful heart. We know individuals whom we admire ardently and respect sincerely, but we do not lose our heads and hearts on their behalf. We have none of the pain of bliss and foolish rapturous flutterings in their presence. Along comes another, in no way so brilliant or so admirable, and behold! the mischief is done.

We never stop to ask why after that, but are content with the fact, and so was Mr. Carlisle. Not that he came to an understanding with himself that first evening, nor for many afterward, but all the same, the mischief was done—done, despite the fact that remained of his betrothal to Una Brooke.

"I might have spared myself my trouble—some researches," he said to Mrs. Delabar. "I'll be able to make myself intelligible there without cramming."

"Were you cramming when I saw you with Eugénie Grandet? I thought you were dreaming."

"It would have been of Belzac's 'Girl with the Golden Eyes,' had I seen Miss Wallis then."

Mrs. Delabar was not listening very intently. She was watching, with scarcely concealed impatience, a couple who walked on the moonlit piazza; she fancied she could see the droop of Claude Lorrimer's head, the dreamy tenderness of his handsome, poetic face and swept away to put a temporary check upon her sister's flirtation with that audacious young man. That it was more than a flirtation Mrs. Delabar's pride of caste would not permit her to think.

"But," reasoned the astute matron, "if Jerome ever wakes up enough to realize how she is trifling with the other, he will just coolly give her her liberty, and cut clear of the whole affair. He has Spartan stuff under his indolent guise."

She had the pleasant remembrance afterward that it was herself sent Una in to relieve Bertha at the piano; that it was herself kept Lorrimer discussing art subjects; that it was due to her Mr. Carlisle devoted himself to Bertha uninterruptedly for a couple of hours, floating through a mazy waltz, looking over engravings, talking more animatedly than Jerome often roused himself to do. Bertha could talk, he found, frankly and sensibly, a state of affairs he had never known before with such wax-like prettiness. Her charm lay in her utter forgetfulness of self, perhaps.

That was the beginning. The end came soon—soon, counting the days and weeks, but long enough to compress heaven in one restful period of earthly existence for Bertha. Life had been a hard struggle with her, but she had made the best of it. Why should she not enjoy the sunshine and the flowers; its sweets, though she was only a humble toiler in the universal hive.

It was that unvarying brightness of hers set Carlisle to thinking, and a direct cause of the result was the merest trifle. Una and Bertha chanced to be placed side by side, both silent and absorbed for the moment, and Jerome, unobserved, watched the play of those two faces. A shadow had come over Una's brilliant beauty, he could trace lines of anxiety marring her smooth brow, but the expression, passionate, painful, longing, baffled him. He read the signs of a nature at war with itself, but vaguely. What cause had she for a restless familiar when Bertha's serene loveliness shone forth undimmed?

Una left the room while that train of thought filled his mind, and somehow—he never knew how—before he had fairly decided to gain freedom and eventually declare the passion he no longer attempted to conceal from himself, it found its way into words. A torrent of words, once they broke forth, passionate and pleading, which opened up the future for Bertha through a golden fairyland of which she had scarcely dared to dream.

Miss Wallis!

It was Mrs. Delabar coming upon the scene, which one glance from her keen eyes read through. It was Mrs. Delabar who, five minutes later, put an end to Bertha's briefly happy dream.

"It is not necessary that I should comment upon Mr. Carlisle's actions," said Mrs. Delabar, icily. "His engagement with my sister is no secret. I simply wish to warn you, Miss Wallis, that people are apt to make ill-natured remarks when a gentleman in his position is led to a show of devotion, where, unincumbered, he would not bestow a serious thought."

Poor little Bertha, innocent of every inten-

tion to mislead, stole away, feeling as if she had been under the lash of a scorpion tongue. She went into Una's room that night, having passed the intervening hours in her own.

"I must go away," she faltered; "back to the seminary."

"Una, sitting idly by the window, turned.

"Why, Bertha! You are not in earnest, surely! You shall not leave me so abruptly."

Then as Bertha persisted: "What is at the bottom of this sudden resolution, my dear? Something, I know."

Bertha was too eminently truthful to say "Nothing," as most girls would have done.

"I cannot tell you. I am not ungrateful to you, Miss Brooke, but I must go back."

Una was too considerate to urge her further.

"I will see that some one drives you over in the morning, then," she said. The moment Bertha was gone she left her room, passed down the silent staircase, out into the night, and on to the stable over which was the coachman's room, and surprised honest Jem by volunteering him a leave of absence for the next two days.

The younger people had gone riding next morning, Mrs. Brooke, who was half an invalid, had not left her room, and Mrs. Delabar was closeted with the housekeeper, when Bertha came down in her simple outdoor attire. She was leaving the villa with as little attention as she had entered there, but with a weight of dull misery bearing down her joyous spirit now.

A light of surprise flashed over her face as Jerome came forward to meet her. He explained very quietly that he was to drive her over in place of Jem, absent.

If she had expected he would renew his protestations of the previous day, she was mistaken. Very little was said during the earlier part of the ride. The horse, a spirited thoroughbred, went at a quick, untiring pace, bearing them swiftly over the dusty high-road, and through green country lanes. At last the glaring red brick walls of the seminary were visible, and Bertha pointed the building out to him just before they entered a fringe of grove overhanging a deep, dark ravine.

He turned to her then as the cool shadow of the wood fell over them, speaking hurriedly:

"There is something I wish to say to you which I am not free to say yet. I think I shall be soon. Forgive me for yesterday, and say that I may come to see you to-morrow."

The truth was, he had endeavored to have an interview with Una before setting out, but she had baffled him. What Bertha's answer would have been will never now be known.

At the instant some unseen sportsman near fired his piece. Startled by the report, Carlisle's horse made a sudden spring which jerked the reins from his hand. He leaned forward and strove to regain them, shouting to the horse, but the frenzied creature was past obeying his command; it made a mad plunge forward, for the space of a breath they were poised upon the brink above the ravine, then all went over the precipitous steep.

The next Bertha knew was the horror of seeing Carlisle pinned fast by the body of the dead horse, himself as white and still as death. She never felt her own hurts. She strove frantically, with futile efforts, to release him from that crushing weight. Failing, she crept down to the rivulet which trickled through the shadow below, and wetting her handkerchief bathed his pallid face, chafing his hands and calling his name in that agony which would not permit her to remain inactive.

She had thought him dead from the first, but a change came. The closed lids lifted, and a passion as strong as life was in the look.

"I think I am dying," he said, in a weak whisper. "Dearest love, remember—I de—"

She had stooped low to catch those feeble accents. It was as if the wavering spirit had been recalled to give her that assurance, for afterward carved marble could not have seemed more lifeless than he. Feeling strangely quiet and numb, Bertha also felt that all the glory of life had fled for her.

It was not strange that she had a fever after that day's shock. When consciousness came again, she was in her own bed in a corner of the big, silent dormitory, with the preceptress standing over her. She had no recollection of forgetfulness; memory came to her with her first awakenings. She asked but one question.

"When did he die?"

"Who, my dear? Oh, Mr. Carlisle. He did not die at all. He is almost entirely recovered, I believe, although we do not hear now as when he was at the villa. They all left there soon after Una's marriage. You are not to talk, my dear."

Bertha had no desire to talk after that. She had no desire to live, but despite her wish life prevailed. A life so flat and dreary, so barren of all promise or hope, he wondered if she would ever become reconciled to it. She was wondering that for the hundredth time as a gentleman came up the sunny south room where the convalescent sat. She gave a breathless cry as he appeared before her, and pressed her hands hard above her fiercely-beating heart.

"My love! My darling! At last!"

She kept him back by a repellant gesture.

"Mr. Carlisle, you forget. Una—your wife—"

"I have no wife. I will have none except you. Have they not told you? Do you not know that Una eloped with Lorrimer and married him that day, and so gave me the freedom I would have asked?"

And surely, further, record is not required to go.

Sowing the Wind;

OR,

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GIRL'S HUMILIATION.

THE trio that gathered around the breakfast-table at Westwood that morning were outwardly as usual—pleasant, courteous, well-dressed, but to Rose St. Felix keen perception there was something very decidedly amiss in Jocelyne, while on Mr. Ithamar's pale, grave face she read the signs of the conflict he had undergone through the long, woful hours of the night.

Her interest instantly on the point-rose. Was there a mutual trouble between them?

Was it possible that Mr. Ithamar had found it past his strength to keep his secret longer, and in a moment of passion and weakness told Jocelyne he loved her?

Her eyes shone with lurid gleams among their beautiful blue shadows at the very thought, and, as with pleasant outward seeming she laughed and chatted in her most enchanting way, she was mentally resolving that such a thing, although it might occur, for that was beyond her power to restrain, still, Jocelyne Merle never

should come between her and the man she had sworn to love by fair means or foul.

Jocelyne was quieter than usual, and Mr. Ithamar noticed she ate very little, and that her eyes were heavy and drooping, but he said nothing at the time beyond a courteous inquiry after her health which she answered with her usual sweet, gracious smile.

After breakfast Mr. Ithamar retired to his library, his usual custom; Rose dressed for a walk in the park, hoping to banish the last traces of her nervous prostration, and Jocelyne went directly back to her room, where a bright, cheery fire was burning in the open grate, before which her maid had wheeled a low silken couch.

"You complained of being so chilly, Miss Jocelyne. Lie down, and I will throw the afghan over you," said the girl, thoughtfully, and obeyed, but she could not lie quietly. It seemed as though some restless fever possessed her, that made it equally impossible for her to repose physically or mentally. For an hour or more she alternately paced to and fro through the suit of rooms and endeavored to lie quietly on the couch. Then, when it seemed to her her nervous excitement was too keen to endure, she directed her maid to go to the library and ask Mr. Ithamar if he would come to her, that she wanted him, particularly, and at once.

The urgent message startled Mr. Ithamar, and he laid down his pen instantly.

"Miss Jocelyne is ill, I am sure. You had better tell Jonas to go for Dr. Payne, while I go up."

The girl seemed reluctant to obey the hurried order.

"Please excuse me, sir, but I don't think Miss Jocelyne is sick, at least not now, not sick enough for a doctor. She seems in distress of mind, sir—and please don't tell her I said it, but she never went to her room at all last night."

Mr. Ithamar's face paled.

"Never went to her room at all! Pauline, what do you mean?"

"She was in the drawing-room, sitting in the big yellow chair until near daylight this morning, sir; I went softly in and out, to watch her, all night, but she didn't notice it, sir. And this morning, early, she came to her room, and hadn't been in bed but a few minutes when she fainted, and lay a long while."

Mr. Ithamar's face blanched still more.

"And you never called me—you never alarmed the house! Pauline, how dared you?"

She looked earnestly at him.

"Indeed, sir, I am nothing, and Miss Jocelyne often has them. She's not as strong as one would think, sir."

"Not strong," his darling, his one ewe lamb that he would so love to carry in his breast forever! His stern lips quivered, and he turned his face away.

"Tell Miss Jocelyne I will go to her at once," he said, and almost by the time the message was delivered he was tapping at her door.

Jocelyne's low, sweet voice answered him promptly, making every nerve in his body quiver at sound of it, and he went into her room, that was so sunshiny and warm and womanly in all its elegance of luxury.

Jocelyne had left the lounge, and was sitting in a low spring rocker beside the fire, looking so pitifully pale, with her big dark eyes looking at him with all the wistfulness she felt, her sweet mouth quivering with her woe.

Mr. Ithamar took a seat on the couch, alarmed at her appearance.

"Jocelyne, why, Jocelyne! Pauline said you were not ill, and you certainly are. I shall send for Dr. Payne at once!"

He arose to go to the dressing-room in search of Pauline, but Jocelyne reached out her hand restraining him.

"Don't, Guardy! Really I am not sick—only troubled. Sit down, I have something to talk to you about."

She was speaking very gravely, and Mr. Ithamar saw the effort it took for her to restrain her emotion. He sat down again, and took her icy little hand.

"What is the matter, my little girl? You can tell me freely, you know. Consider me your elder brother, your father, if you will, to whom you would naturally look for sympathy and advice."

His grave, loving tones touched her very heart. Her lips quivered, her breast heaved, her eyes overflowed and she sobbed like a little child.

"Oh, Guardy, Guardy, I am afraid I never can tell you, after all! I am—am—ashamed! I can't tell you."

Her words came in piteous means between her sobs and tears that convulsed her dainty frame, that made Mr. Ithamar's face pale with emotion, that made his strong, suffering heart throb fiercely. But, he controlled the surging feelings within him, and he placed his arms about Jocelyne's shoulders, and drew her toward him, chair and all, and laid her dusky head against his own, she only recognized the infinite tenderness of the action.

"Now, Jocelyne, my dear little one, whatever is your trouble I must know it; I will share it with you. Tell me, Jocelyne, at once."

His voice, though tender, was authoritative, and as he spoke, he lifted her pale, piteous face, with his tear-dimmed eyes, compelling her gaze.

"You will despise me; I can't, I can't, oh, Guardy!"

She dropped her eyes, and a quick, burning flush suffused her face.

"You know I will never do that, dear. I am waiting, Jocelyne—has it anything to do with Mr. Richmond?"

She nodded swiftly, then her face paled again. He watched her with outward calmness and patience, but within—vague, suffocating sensations were rising.

A moment of silence followed that he broke.

"What has he said, or done, or left undone to grieve you thus?"

The direct question stabbed her to the heart as she realized all the shame that was hers in being obliged to confess herself rivaled in the affections of her betrothed lover.

She suddenly sprang from her chair, walking across the room, wringing her fair hands.

"Guardy, please don't ask me! It was wrong in me to send for you—I must not tell you. I cannot! You will never respect me again!"

What could she mean? A sudden ecstasy sprang to Mr. Ithamar's eyes, and was irradiated over his grand, patient face.

"Jocelyne," he said, and his heart throbbed so that his voice quivered, "Jocelyne, can it be that you have ceased to—love him?"

His tones, his ardor compelled her glance. A crimson stain warmed the lily pureness of her face for the one moment their eyes met. Her breath came a sudden, hurried tumult, then her eyes sunk in swift confusion.

"Oh, no," she answered, after a moment's pause, as though she feared a longer silence, and would have said anything to break it.

"Then, Jocelyne, if you love him, there is no trouble you cannot endure."

The glory faded sharply from his eyes, and the shadow from her drooping face, and a silence that was almost awful followed. Then, so suddenly that it startled him, Jocelyne stepped up to him, pale and forcibly composed.

"Guardy, it is he who does not love me!"

Mr. Ithamar gazed at her in perfect bewilderment.

"Not love you—not love you, Jocelyne; I can not understand it."

"Neither can I," she returned, brokenly, in a pained, grave voice.

"I never knew it until—until last night—and then I found this."

She did not raise her eyes as she handed him the letter Kenneth Richmond had dropped, but he saw the womanly shame and pain on her face as he took it, without a word, and read it through, while she stood before him, her lovely head drooping, her hands clasped at arm's length.

When he had finished he looked up at her.

"My poor little girl! Well, Jocelyne, and what shall you do?"

She looked at him with eager eyes.

"Guardy, will you do it? He—he—I could not—marry him when he—loves—some one else."

Oh, Guardy!

The hot tears came springing to her woful

eyes again, and he thought how she must love him!

What should he advise her? What was he to say that should not be tainted with prejudice, the prejudice of his own great passion for this girl? And as he thought, his anger and rage rose against the man who had dared win his jewels under such vile circumstances—who dared think of another woman while his troth was pledged to Jocelyne.

And Jocelyne saw the flush on his face, and the flash in his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips.

"You are not going to be angry with me for telling you, Guardy, are you?"

She laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Angry with you, my—Jocelyne?" and he accompanied the words with a glance of reproof into the pleading, pitiful eyes.

"Never angry with you, little girl—I was fearing perhaps if I said just what I thought, you might be angry with me."

"Oh, no, indeed! I want you to tell me just what I ought to do, Guardy, and I will obey you."

Tell her what she ought to do! And she would obey him! If he only dare tell her to forget Kenneth Richmond, and come to him for his very own love forever!

But, that was the prompting of selfishness, so Mr. Ithamar did not say it. Instead, he led Jocelyne gravely to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"I promised to advise you to the best of my ability," he said, very gently, very kindly, "and I will tell you, frankly, that I am not surprised to read this letter, because I have always entertained strange misgivings regarding Mr. Richmond, which I hesitated not only to speak to you about knowing you loved him so, but to accept myself, because I really had no tangible, reasonable excuse for my impressions. I have felt, rather than known, Jocelyne, that there was something in Mr. Richmond's character that was not in accord with the purity of your own. I have been tormented with doubts and fears that you would some day be disappointed in him, but I tried for the sake of your love for him to regard these feelings as impossible chimeras, and had endeavored to satisfy myself that it was only my jealous care for your good that prompted them. I see now, my instincts were correct. Yet, Jocelyne, if you love him still, and you admitted that a few minutes ago—if you love him, your woman's heart will find excuse for this breach of fidelity, I suppose."

Jocelyne's eyes gazed steadfastly into the fire.

"I have always thought and felt that a true woman's love should remain steadfast and loyal under all circumstances—in tribulation, or in shame, in sorrow, or in happiness."

She said the words in a low, gentle voice that went straight to his heart.

"And you are a true woman, little girl! It remains for you to decide your own destiny."

He had arisen, and was standing before her, his face so eloquent with grave misery, when Pauline rapped lightly at the door.

"If you please, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Richmond wishes you in the drawing-room immediately, if convenient."

Jocelyne glanced up in Mr. Ithamar's eyes, that smiled cheerfully, encouragingly in her pale, woful face.

He stooped and touched her chilly forehead with

you so ably recite what have doubtless been his instructions."

Her lips curled with a sneer she tried to repress.

"Mr. Ithamar's counsel is never to be questioned. He thinks with me that only a person of very questionable principles would be guilty of the act you have committed."

Richmond was hoarse with passion as he answered. He had only put his previous hint to her as a feeler to ascertain if Mr. Ithamar was in possession of the facts.

"Then he knows of it, does he? And he dares—"

Her indignant face, as much as her authoritative voice, interrupted him.

"Scalp! I will listen to no discourtesy toward the best, dearest friend I have in the world."

Richmond sneered.

"Doubtless the 'dearest friend,' and ambitious for promotion! But if he has attempted to interfere between you and I, I tell you, fairly, Jocelyne, he will curse the day, as I curse him for his base treachery in—"

She looked him full in the eyes a second, and it seemed as if the grand contentment, the nobility of her long career of sin, as he never had imagined he could; and his eyes went down before the steady purity of light that glanced lamely in her own. He was angered and humbled at the same time, and Jocelyne saw on his face the deadly pallor, and in his unnaturally bright eyes the luster of his rage.

"Jocelyne"—and he stepped nearer her, and his voice was low and husky with suppressed passion—"I rode over from Summer Hill this morning to go down on my knees before you, and implore you to forgive and overlook this first, only error I have committed against you. I came humbly, heart-crushed, expecting to find you indignant, and prepared to atone, by any means in my power. But I find there has been interference—no, Jocelyne, I shall not hesitate to say what I have to say—I find there has been interference between us by your guardian, who is only too glad of opportunity to set me adrift; because, Jocelyne, he worships you madly, and were you any other than—"

A hot crimson stain surged over her face, and she lifted her haughty little head with the air of a queen who demands silence.

"I certainly shall not listen to another word. I have no wish to quarrel with you; indeed, I regret there has been any unkind words spoken."

Richmond took her words, her manner, which had changed to a surprising meanness, literally. He swung toward her, his own countenance wearing the look of a man who, while he appreciates the desperate hopelessness of his condition, is equally desperate in the determination to leave no stone unturned to secure a possible chance.

Now, Richmond drooped his head, and his voice was intense with pleading.

"I deserve—no reproach, more unkind words than you ever could speak, Jocelyne! I deserve your contempt, your anger, your coldness. I will confess my folly, my accused folly. I swear it was no more! and beg you to forgive me, this once—only this once, Jocelyne! I have never offended you before; I never will again! I assure you this that angers you so is only a passing folly."

He was terribly in earnest; but Jocelyne met him with nothing beyond calm, sweet coolness.

"I do not look upon it in that light. To me it is proof conclusive of your innate falsity and treachery."

"You are hard, awfully hard on me, Jocelyne! Can you not comprehend that I am suffering enough, not to add your icy reproaches to my own reproachings? You will not understand that it is the first time I ever showed against you in thought or word, and I swear it shall be the last. I am humble and penitent, and surely my suffering should atone for my error. Jocelyne, you must, you shall forgive me!"

He was the very picture of desperate pleading, as he stood before her, with his pale face convulsed with alarm and fear that this prize was lost to him; and Jocelyne's gentle heart was moved to pity by his drooping head and clenched hands. Her face, that had been stern, grew pitying, and she spoke very gently to him.

"I will forgive you, freely, for, after all, the sin is more against yourself than me."

She extended her hand, not warmly, but as if desirous of assuring him she honestly meant what she said.

He looked up, as he grasped it, with a rising tide of triumph in his eyes that her own sorrowful, downcast glance did not see.

"Jocelyne! Jocelyne! God bless you for your angelic pity and pardon! You have made me the happiest man in the world."

He raised her hand to his lips, and as he spoke, his voice was tremulous with ill-subdued delight.

Jocelyne drew her hand hastily back.

"Please do not, Mr. Richmond."

He looked reproachfully at her.

"I thought you had forgiven me, Jocelyne! Add to your mercy, and tell me once, only once, that you love me as before, Jocelyne!"

He looked down in her pure, pale face, that showed so plainly the traces of the storm that had swept so roughly over her, his eyes full of eager passion. Her lovely red lips trembled, and her white drooping lids quivered as she felt his glance; then she looked up, against you, in grow pitying, and she spoke very gently to him.

"I cannot say so, ever again, Mr. Richmond, because it would not be true."

His face darkened suddenly.

"Your forgiveness is a strange thing, Jocelyne! After all, this one misstep of mine has taught you to hate me."

"Oh, no, Mr. Richmond, I do not hate you," she answered, in her sweet, pitying voice, and lifting her sad, grand eyes to his; "I do not hate you, but I must tell you the truth, and that is, I do not love you—indeed, I am afraid I never have loved you. It is a dreadful thing to confess, she went on, sadly, with her eyes full of tears that stood, a bright mist on her dark lashes, while the faint color alternated on her cheeks with her deadly paleness; "I feel sure I have been mistaken in my feelings toward you. Even before this, I have felt vague unrest, a strange misgiving concerning our happiness, that has come to complete knowledge now. Mr. Richmond, I do not love you."

She spoke as if every word hurt her in the utterance, yet with a frankness that attested their truthfulness.

Richmond listened wrathfully.

"And for the sake of this romantic feeling you entertained in common with all other girls, added to this wretched little nonsensical affair, you cancel your engagement with me, without a thought of how I am affected by your deliberate cruelty!"

Her face crimsoned under his savage tones.

"I must leave with myself, Mr. Richmond. I would never marry a man in whom I did not have perfect trust and confidence, and—"

He interrupted her, sharply, bitterly.

"In a word, as you feel toward Mr. Ithamar—"

Her face fairly blazed under his fierce glare, but she met him with the refined courtesy that never failed her.

"I am tired of discussion, Mr. Richmond. Were we to talk all day we never would better understand ourselves than now. I have said our engagement is at an end, and you will please regard my decision final."

Her gentle dignity, her imperious graciousness, was not without its effect upon him. He regarded her a moment in a silence whose tempest of emotion would have been difficult to analyze.

Then he bowed.

"I beg permission to consult with your guardian before I regard our engagement at an end."

He went away, keeping up the appearance of determination to the very end.

And Jocelyne walked to the door and felt for the knob through her tear-dim eyes, and went

up to her room, and locked the door, and threw herself on the floor beside the couch, burying her beautiful dusky head wildly among the cushions.

"I have done what he told me; I was true to my own heart! I never loved Mr. Richmond—I know it now, and I love Jocelyne—I love him! I love him! And he only regards me as a child, I should be false and cruel to stand by and see her deliberately ruin her young life by marrying you. More, even if Miss Merle had signified her intention of passing over my disloyal treachery, I should feel constrained, after this interview to advise her, with every argument at my command, to reconsider her decision. Therefore you can see, sir, that between Sunset Hill and Westwood there need be no further communication."

He was every inch the man, the master, as he bowed contemptuously and rode off, leaving Richmond in a perfect white heat of fury, as he gazed after him, with bloodshot eyes and ghastly face.

"Kicked out like a dog! No further communication between Sunset Hill and Westwood! Every hope I had built on is torn away; every plan on which I had depended, as a last resource, vanished! Jocelyne!—my God, I never knew how I loved her—Jocelyne lost to me!"

He sat so still several moments that he might have been petrified for all the signs of life he gave. Then, with a long, deep breath, he pulled the reins of his horse and galloped to Sunset Hill, with one hissing curse on his white lips.

"If heaven or hell or earth can combine to make him rue this day, he shall rue it—rue it till he will wish he had never been born! I swear it!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

CHAPTER XXV.

A MAN'S SCORN AND A VILLAIN'S OATH.

As Kenneth Richmond had said, he was impatient to see Mr. Ithamar, and endeavor to obtain the influence in his behalf he had not the slightest belief would be accorded, and yet, with the desperate pertinacity of a man whose dearest hopes and loftiest ambition are at stake, he was resolved to leave no task undone that might contribute to his success.

He had left Jocelyne, feeling that he must lose no time in seeing Mr. Ithamar, and yet, knowing how to obtain an interview without an appearance of extreme awkwardness; and even in this strait, Kenneth Richmond was a man who remembered such things.

So he rode away, inwardly cursing the hour that had brought him such fearful luck, and receding desperate vows that Jocelyne should not be lost to him—Jocelyne, marriage with whom meant not the consummation of real love for her—real love so far as such a heart as his could entertain the emotion—but assured position, freedom from harassing money embarrassments, and a grand good time generally.

His face was dark, his forehead frowning, and he had checked the speed of his horse, and was riding along with moody countenance and drooping head, when Mr. Ithamar addressed him, and Richmond looked up, surprised to see him, mounted, before him. Richmond reined in his horse, instantly.

"Mr. Ithamar, good-morning. I am glad to have met you—you may know I have just left Jocelyne."

Mr. Ithamar bowed gravely.

"You were with Jocelyne when I left the house."

His voice was quiet, cold, and Richmond instantly recognized the distant courtesy.

"And you know why I was there, Mr. Ithamar—and because Jocelyne has seen fit in her pardonable anger and haste to declare our engagement void, I am glad to see you, and talk over the foolishly-undertaken little affair."

He assumed an air of lightness he was far from feeling, a manner far removed from Mr. Ithamar's grave earnestness, as he replied:

"I cannot see of what use it will be for you to see me, although I will at the first confess my opinion that the cause of Jocelyne's, a foolishly-undertaken affair."

Richmond's heart sank at the gravity of the words.

"But what would you call it, then, Ithamar. Surely, you, a man of the world, cannot be so sentimentally romantic enough to make a bugbear of such a silly trifling as a letter written to a fellow?"

"As your opinion goes, Mr. Richmond, I am not a man of the world, and must not such a man of the world as to pass lightly over the breach of faith and honor of which you have been guilty toward my ward."

Richmond felt in his very soul that scarcely the ghost of a chance remained to him, and, in proportion as his hopes faded, his energy to win against them increased.

He was holding his horse in with strong hands, while the glossy, beautiful creature pawed haughtily, impatiently; his face was pale, his eyes full of that earnestness that comes to a man's eyes in moments of such desperation of struggle as had come to him.

"What can I say, what must I do? Ithamar, I have been foolish, accusedly foolish, and to you, a fellow-man, I will not attempt to deny it. Why should I not only when you have the word, but when you, as a man, must understand and appreciate that—"

Mr. Ithamar looked at him with a little flash in his own eyes.

"Allow me to interrupt, Mr. Richmond—I cannot understand or appreciate anything of the kind."

Richmond winced under the coldly-keen blow, but he went on, with passionate energy:

"You know I am no worse than other men—that not one out of a thousand would have acted differently. I was thrown into temptation, and, in answer to that letter, I intended, in honor bound, to—"

"You talk of honor—you!"

The sharp scorn brought a red flush to Richmond's face.

"I am no more than other men—indeed, I am not so reprehensible, for I admit my folly, and confess to you and Jocelyne my sorrow and remorse, and swear the like shall never happen again. Heaven and earth, Ithamar, what have I done? I am not used to suing for any one's pardon, but, because I love Jocelyne, and want your forgiveness and influence to induce her to forgive me, and your promise to overlook this, one, only error of which I have ever been guilty toward you—"

His words were ardent, eager, but, for all, there was almost a sullen defiance back of them, that did not decrease when he heard Mr. Ithamar's answer, in a troubled, yet decisive voice:

"You need ask no forgiveness of me, Mr. Richmond, for you have sinned against me. But, for Jocelyne's sake, I cannot promise to overlook or disregard any wrong you have done her—and you have done her a great wrong—a great wrong."

"And you will condemn me and blast all my happiness, all my hopes, for that one single wrong? Ithamar, if you were not the cruel, icy-hearted man you are you could never talk to me as you do! If you were not unlike every other human you would pass it over, and give me another chance to restore myself what you and her favor. Good God! when I think what a time you are making over such a trivial thing I am inclined to think you are insane."

Mr. Ithamar looked steadily at him while he spoke, in eager, angry impassionedness.

"Mr. Richmond, I hardly think you could retrieve yourself in my estimation. I will tell you now what I have always thought—that you are not the man to whom any young girl could safely intrust her happiness. I have always regretted that Jocelyne loved you, but for her sake I never gave expression to my intuitions that have at last been verified. I am grieved to have to say this, because I—"

Richmond felt as if he had come suddenly to the end of his tether, and a great, surging fury of jealousy and disappointment came in a torrent of bitter words; his face reddened with passion, and he forgot himself, and the prudent caution he had sworn to preserve.

"You are grieved—dreadfully grieved, because the shadow of a doubt! Do you suppose I do not understand the whole affair? Do you think I do not know, well enough, that this otherwise uselessly valueless letter has been made to serve your own end—that you and Jocelyne have determined to throw me over, so that you can marry her?"

Mr. Ithamar never moved his stern, terrible glance from Richmond's fury-inflamed face.

"Was I not right when I said you were unfit to take any woman's love into your keeping? You are pleased to attempt sarcasm at the same, you need not think I do not know your secret you imagine you have guarded so well; you need not flatter yourself I cannot fathom your adoring worship of the girl who promised to be my wife! And before heaven, I swear I will inform her of her position, and her guardian is her lover—then we will see!"

A look of utter distress paled Mr. Ithamar's grand face, succeeded by one of quiet scorn.

"Mr. Richmond, I did not intend to tell you what I certainly shall tell you now, and it is, if Miss Merle has nullified her engagement with you, I heartily endorse it. She is my ward, according to law, and according to the dying request of her father, who was my dearest friend, and I should be false and cruel to stand by and see her deliberately ruin her young life by marrying you. More, even if Miss Merle had signified her intention of passing over my disloyal treachery, I should feel constrained, after this interview to advise her, with every argument at my command, to reconsider her decision. Therefore you can see, sir, that between Sunset Hill and Westwood there need be no further communication."

He was every inch the man, the master, as he bowed contemptuously and rode off, leaving Richmond in a perfect white heat of fury, as he gazed after him, with bloodshot eyes and ghastly face.

"Kicked out like a dog! No further communication between Sunset Hill and Westwood! Every hope I had built on is torn away; every plan on which I had depended, as a last resource, vanished! Jocelyne!—my God, I never knew how I loved her—Jocelyne lost to me!"

He sat so still several moments that he might have been petrified for all the signs of life he gave. Then, with a long, deep breath, he pulled the reins of his horse and galloped to Sunset Hill, with one hissing curse on his white lips.

"If heaven or hell or earth can combine to make him rue this day, he shall rue it—rue it till he will wish he had never been born! I swear it!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

THOUGHTS.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

I sit alone, and the chiming bells
Of my native heath come soft and low,
And kind fancy pictures fairy dells,
That of old knew my footsteps long ago;

And the old church where the ivy clung,
How its spire glinted the trees among!
Till on either side its wavelets flow,
The waters meet and softly glide.

Glad again on the other side,
My boyhood days in contentment's glow,
Like the stream pass'd with a happy song,
If some rock disturbed their tranquil flow.

Twere quick forgot as they went along,
Ah! but happy days are still the stream,
Such days of life as come but in dreams,
My tide of life as on it flows.

Meets rocks the laughing brook ne'er knows,
I sit alone, and the shades of night
Are thickly peopled with forms I knew,
And I live again at each twilight.

Sweet days such as none are like to be,
Ere with the dawn the shadows melt away,
The church, the brooklet's murmuring flow,
The friends I loved in other days.

Fade slowly from my eager gaze,
I sit alone, and the shades of night
Are thickly peopled with forms I knew,
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The friends I loved in other days.

Fade slowly from my eager gaze,
I sit alone,

The seamen shrunk back, for they felt that they were in the presence of some one in authority, and with humble bows they hurried away.

"Well, Mesrak, how is it I find you here?" and Julian drew the slave into the light of a cafe window.

"Signor, I am here on my way back to Constantinople, and I owe you my life," humbly said the slave.

"Did my lieutenant give you the gold I promised?"

"He did, signor; he gave me gold in plenty, and my freedom, as you promised; but I was returning to Istanbul, and the vessel touched here and I left her, as the seamen suspected me of having treasure; but they came ashore after me, and were dragging me again on board, where they would have robbed and killed me, had you, signor, not prevented."

"Why do you return to Istanbul, Mesrak?"

"My mother is there, signor—she is yet a slave. I would have her with me."

Julian was silent a moment, and then he said:

"We are also returning to Istanbul, Mesrak; we leave here on the first vessel that clears for the Bosphorus. You shall go with us, and be my slave for the present. Serve me well, and I will give you ten times the gold I have already given you—ay, and I will bring you and your mother safely from the land of the Turk."

"My life is in your hands, signor; I will serve you," earnestly responded Mesrak, who was greatly delighted at his escape from the sailors, and felt that he could freely trust Julian, as he had kept his word to him in giving him his freedom and a belt full of gold.

A further search discovered a comfortable-looking kahn, and the landlord was called up and quarters assigned to the travelers.

Two days in Mitylene and they took passage on a French schooner bound to Constantinople, and after a quick run the vessel dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and Paul Malvern and Julian Delos found themselves once more in the busy metropolis of the Turks, where a price was upon their heads, and peril would confront them at every turn.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

UNCLE NED'S DEFENSE.

My breddren an' sistahs, I rise foh to 'splain Dis matiah dat you's talkin' about—I hopes to make it plain.

I's berry sorry dat de 'ting hab come befo' de ch'ch. Foh when I 'splain it you will see dat it am nuffin much.

My friends, your humble speakah, while trabblin' here below, Hab nebbber cared to hoard up gold an' silver foh to show.

We's only stoppin' here a spell; we all hab got to die. An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's jest one 'ting dat pesters me, an' dat am dis, you see, De ravens foh 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed me;

Dey's got above dar business, an' jest goes swoopin' 'round. An' nebbber turns to look at me a waitin' on de groun'.

I waited mighty sartin like; my faith was pow'ful strong; I reckoned dat dem pesky birds would shually be along.

But, oh! my frienly hearahs, my faith it cotched a fall. De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' nebbber stopped at all.

De meal an' flour was almos' gone, de pork bar'l 'gittin' low. An' so one day I 'cluded dat I hab bettah go To Brudder Johnson's tater patch an' borrow jest a few.

'Twas evenin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to do. It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't min'.

I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to go. An' den I didn't car' to meet dat Johnson, for I knowed Dat he would sass me 'bout de mess ob 'taters dat I owed.

I got de basket full at las', an' tuk 'em on my back. An' den was gwine to tote 'em home, when something went ker whack.

I t'ought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to be Dat Johnson's ole boss pistil a pointin' straight to me.

I tried to argify wid him; I 'ologized a heap. But he said dat stealin' 'taters was mean as stealin' sheep.

Ob course I couldn't take dat ar, it had an ugly son'n'. De only 'ting foh me to do was jest to knock him down.

My breddren an' sistahs, de story am all told (Of course I pounded Johnson till he yelled foh me to hold).

An' now I hopes you 'greets wid me dat dis yere case, an' such, Am berry triflin' mattahs to foteh befo' de ch'ch.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BULLWHACKER RISES TO EXPLAIN.

NEVER was there a girl more astonished! Robert Peyton—Montana—the husband of Dianora Campbell! And he had been the lover of her sister, too! What was the meaning of this mystery?

No recent marriage, either, for the certificate was evidently old with age. Mercedes had not noticed the date, but it was clear to her that the marriage could not have transpired since the death of Juliet.

What manner of man, then, was this Montana—this Robert Peyton—for there was no doubt now that Montana was indeed Robert Peyton—to have two love affairs at the same time, and endeavor, too, now to secure her affections, knowing full well that his own wife was living?

Could it be possible that he was such a base villain?

He certainly did not show it in his face. In utter perplexity Mercedes resumed her seat, her mind filled with vague and strange apprehensions.

The darker the clouds gathered about the head of Montana, the more she felt she loved him; it was a fatal passion; whither could it lead but to sin and shame?

Mercedes' meditations were rudely and abruptly interrupted, for the door opened suddenly and a frowsy, unkempt head, surmounted by a tattered-up old silk hat, made its appearance.

"Skin me fur a buffer-robe of this hyer ain't no very identical shanty?" and then into the shop walked the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian.

"Howdy? Reckon I see you, marm!" continued the giant, ducking his head in a sociable sort of way. "I 'specks you remember me; Bludsoe—Jimmus Bludsoe, own cousin to the ingineer of the Per-a-rie Belle, 'an' I'll keep her nozzle ag'in the bank till the last galoot's ashore!" That's me, marm, that's my platform to a ha'r. Never say dis as long as thar's a mule left dat kin shake a leg! Say, mebbe you remember me a-tradin' with you for some cigars t'other day?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it," and she remembered perfectly well, too, the letter which she had obtained from him.

"Wa-al, you little she-woman, you've got me into a heap of difficulty!" the giant gravely announced.

"Yes?"

"Durn my ole mule's left leg! of 'tain't so!" Mr. Bludsoe replied. "Mebbe you remember that I tried to git up a trade with you."

"Yes, sir, I believe so."

"An' you wouldn't have it; no idee of fun 'bout you women folk, anyway; but you can't help it; natur' fixed it; you ole fit fur is to cook slapjacks an' bile inions an' sich like. Wa-al! as I were a-sayin', we traded—fur cash—solid basis, reg'lar ole hard time rocks, an' when I went fur to light my cheroot, I were a-gwine to use an ole letter, but you foteched me a reg'lar lighter instead."

"Yes, sir."

"Wa-al, now, marm, the question afore the meetin' is, 'war is that air durned ole letter?'"

"The letter—" said Mercedes, slowly, reluctant to yield her prize.

"Yes, marm, that's the pint we're heading fur! The fact of the matter is, thar's bin a heap o' row kicked up about that 'tarnal ole 'pistle. You see, marm, I was with a few of the boys, enjoyin' myself like a gent'lman, in the Big Horn saloon, when I happened jes' by accident to show t'other ole letter. You must know, marm, I found these hyer two letters a piece down on the per-a-rie; they war jes' a-yin' on the sile, sayin' 'nothin' to nobody, an' I picked them up. The flaps of the envelopes war open—rain did it, they say now—durn me if I know, or care either. I thought that they had been heaved away by some pilgrin, an' I jes' stuck 'em in my pocket without thinkin'."

Wa-al, I slung one of 'em away in hyer t'other day, an' as I sed, I pulled t'other one out o' my pocket up inter the saloon, an' that little beast of a Paddywhacker—that air Paddy Pud, you know, the Irisher that pulls the reins over the express hack—durn the man vot drives horses when thar's good mules able to kick a fly off'n their ears with their hind hoofs to be had! Wa-al! that little Irish galoot—I speak respectfully of him, 'kase I courted a Dublin gal onc't—me an' her split 'kase she sed her ha'r was auburn, when it was redder'n thunder, an' I couldn't go sich nonsense—wa-al, the mint he sed the letter, he jumped at me like a durned ole bull-terrier, an' sed he, he sed, 'See hyer, byes, this is the basto that robs the mail, bad 'cess to him, Silver Sam! As I sed afore, marm, I'm kinder partial to the Patlanders on account of that cook with the red ha'r, an' so I didn't kill the little cuss, but jest slung him playfully through the window—I calculate I'll owe ole Dick Skelly 'bout ten dollars fur that air glass that was smashed fur the next ten years, although I offered fur to go outside an' fight him like a man fur to see who should squar' the damage. Wa-al, the long an' the short of the matter is, that them air two letters were stolen outen the mail by this hyer Silver Sammel, whoever he is, durned if I know! an' they swar that they'll hang me fur highway robbery if I don't bring them back."

Mercedes produced the letter very reluctantly; she was loth to part with it, although it would have puzzled her to have told what possible use it could be to her.

She believed that Montana had written the lines, although he had disguised his hand so that it was almost impossible to recognize it; but still it was just possible that he had not written the letter.

Then a bright idea occurred to the girl. "The letter was torn in two so I pasted it together," she said. "It is only written on one side; it doesn't make any difference."

"Oh, no, in course not."

"It is written by a Mr. Jabez Smith," she observed, glancing at the signature as if she had noticed it for the first time. "Was the other letter so signed?"

"No, marm, that ole store-keeper cuss, Tommy Black writ it."

"And does Mr. Smith claim this letter?" The bullwhacker looked astonished.

"Smith! who in thunder's he?"

"I don't know; don't you?"

"Smith, Smith!" muttered Bludsoe, reflectively. "Unkimmion name! reckon I don't know any Smith in Deadwood."

"And who claims the letter, then?"

"Why, the ole post-office galoot, Tommy Black."

"And what right has he to another man's letter?" Mercedes questioned. "You see, the envelope is destroyed. If I were you I should not give the letter up except to Mr. Smith in person."

"Wa-al, now, that is kinder hoss-sense, isn't it?" remarked the bullwhacker, musingly.

"Let Mr. Smith—there is his name plainly signed Jabez Z. Smith—let him come forward and claim his letter."

"Ke-rect, by thunder! an' when he does come, by Cain, he'll have to treat or fight! Durn my wagon-tops ef I'm gwine to tote any man's letters round in my pockets for nothin'! I ain't a post-office, nor an express-hack, by a jugful! Ef it hadn't 'a bin fur that red-haired gal I'd ed dat Paddywhack fur sartin' me, though he smells strong enuff of whiskey fur to answer fur a sign fur any distillery in the hull durned Illinois country. Wa-al, marm, I'm much obliged to you," and the bullwhacker opened the door to depart, when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Say, ef this hyer Smith stands the drinks I'll do what I kin fur you, seein' that you can't ring in; I'll come back an' toss up with you fur the biggest hunk of tobacco that you've got in the hull durned shanty."

And then the giant proceeded direct to the post-office.

Quite a little crowd were congregated in the store, it being the general lounging place of the town during the day.

In marched the bullwhacker, the letter in his hand.

"Hyar I am, an' hyer's the 'pistle! Now, trot out Mister Jabez Z. Smith, an' lemme get a look at the amille!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHO IS SMITH?

"Yes, sir-ee, now I'm talkin'! You hear me, pilgrims! Bludsoe an' I, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian, the long-horned, tough-wheeled, cavortin', mountain sheep of the ole mountain range, ban-ah! What is Smith—Jabez is the fore-front of his name, an' Z. is the mule-chain that 'jines the two together!" cried the Pot of the Niobrara, vociferously.

The miners congregated in the post-office looked at each other; the name was not familiar to them.

"Smith," said one, reflectively.

"Smith!" quoth old General Baltimore Bowie, who chanced to be present; "strange cognomen! Have we a Smith among us, fellow-citizens?"

"Heaps of 'em!" answered another free and independent voter.

"The woods air full of 'em!" suggested a third.

"But Jabez Z., that's the man I hunger for!" roared the bullwhacker, boisterously.

"I don't know of any such man in the town," the postmaster remarked. "The best thing for you to do is to seal the letter up, address it to Mr. Smith, and put it in the post-office here; then he will be sure to get it."

"Oh, no, I guess not!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, winking mysteriously at the crowd. "This hyer letter is valuable, now, I tell yer! I kin read, I kin, I reckon that I didn't go to school fur nothin' onc't! I was a member of the first society way back in ole Kentucky, now, I'm a tellin' you. I driv' the stage from Maysville to Paris fur years when I was nothin' but a kid. Oh, I was one of the sports. You jes' ask round Mount Sterling or the Blue Licks; I reckon that you'll hear a heap 'bout a gent'lman 'bout my size—a feller w'ot looks like me!"

"You had better leave the letter with me," Black again suggested, "or you may get into trouble. This Mr. Smith won't like to have you show his private letter all over town."

"Get inter trouble!" howled the bullwhacker, now fairly beside himself with delight. "Why, you ole lead-mule of the post-office team, you 'call' me—you 'call' me an' I slap down a 'full hand,' an' that's the kind of man I am! Get inter trouble! Why, that's my platform. What is this hyer Smith? trot him out, an' ef he says two words to me 'bout his durned ole letter skin me fur raw-hides ef I don't make him eat it; yes, you bet! chew it, too, as ef he liked it! That's the kind of a crowd-jes' have the kindness to bite my left ear, or throw a rod of telegraph in my right eye, or pull the left-hand lock on the thumb-hand side of my head! Oh, I'm jes' spilin' fur some fun! What is Smith, or anybody that looks like Smith, durned ef I—"

"Hallo! here comes Montana!" cried a wag near the door.

"Wa-al, gents, I guess you'll have to excuse me," ejaculated the giant, suddenly, and backing toward the rear door as he spoke. "I can't be with you always, you know. I've got to meet a note fur seventeen thousand dollars at twelve. Ta, ta; see you ag'in, so-long!" And then the boasting bullwhacker vanished through the rear door of the store just as the miner entered the front-pore.

Naturally there was a burst of laughter at the expense of the retreating blusterer, and the miner, entering in the midst of the merriment, inquired the cause.

The story of the mysterious letter which Bludsoe had pronounced to be of such value was told to him, but he, knowing the character of the Shian pet so well, merely laughed and remarked that he "reckoned" that the writer of the letter, whoever he might be, wouldn't worry much about it.

And all that day the Pot of the Niobrara pranced from one saloon to another, displaying the letter in each and every place; inquired loudly for one Jabez Smith, and hinted mysteriously of the important contents of the "pistle," as he generally termed it.

But to Jabez Z. Smith stepped forward to claim his letter up to the time that evening shades fell upon the "magic city." Not only that, but no one in the town had ever heard of any man bearing such an appellation, although as one loud-spoken miner had remarked: the shades below were full of Smiths, and a good many more could be spared and wouldn't be missed from this breakin' world.

From nightfall until about nine o'clock the bullwhacker's tall form was missed from the classic shades of the Deadwood shanties, but, right after that time, he suddenly appeared as large as life and twice as natural, as he would have expressed it.

He had been lying off in French Kate's shebang, one of the vilest haunts in the town, saloon and dance-house combined.

The bullwhacker's capacity for liquor was something to be wondered at, but that afternoon he had succeeded in overtaking his strength, and, overcome by the potent fumes of the fragrant "bug-juice," he had gone fast to sleep in a chair in French Kate's place, and had remained there undisturbed, for the "Madame," as Kate was usually called, rather admired the sublime impudence of the mule-driver, and as trade was slack and the room not needed, she had allowed him to remain in peace.

From French Kate's Bludsoe had started straight for Johnny's shebang, which, as the reader will probably remember—if he has allowed so unimportant a fact to remain within his recollection—was situated right on the outskirts of the town.

The night was dark, the moon not yet being fairly up, and just before coming to the den of evil repute the way ran through some scrub pines. A more lonely spot could not have been found for miles around, and yet it was within a few hundred yards of the town.

Bludsoe's head was not clear as it might have been, and his walk was decidedly unsteady as he entered the little clump of pines.

"Durn my lead mule's right-hand tail!" he exclaimed, as he caught his toe against a good-sized bowlder and tumbled over it; "it's as cussed dark as three black cats up a blind alley chased by the Jack o' spades!"

And then, suddenly, from behind one of the scrubby pines stepped a tall, dark form.

The straggling rays of the feeble moonlight, struggling through the dark clouds overhead, gleamed fitfully upon the shining tube of a revolver, glistening in the stranger's hand, and leveled full at the breast of the bullwhacker.

Throw up your hands, pilgrim, or thar'll be one mule-driver less in Deadwood in a minute!" cried a hoarse voice.

Bludsoe recognized the situation at once.

"I pass, stranger; put light on that air trigger, for durn me ef I want to start a grave-yer!" the bullwhacker cried.

And Mr. Bludsoe elevated his hands with a gentle grace that was really charming.

"How are you fixed?" inquired the road-agent, thus evincing a solicitude in regard to the financial condition of the man-from-Shian, that was truly delightful, considering that the questioner was an entire stranger.

"Broke," responded Bludsoe, tersely. "Is that so?"

"Fact! ef mines were sellin' fur ten dollars apiece I ain't got dust enuff to buy a smell."

"Any other valuables?"

"Six-shooters."

"Don't want 'em; they'll do for you to raise a stake on to get out of town."

"Wa-al, I'm much obliged!" exclaimed Bludsoe, touched by this delicate consideration.

"Didn't I heer somethin' 'bout some valuable document—a letter or sich like that you were a-cavortin' round town to-day, or was I a-dreamin'?" remarked the "gentleman of the night."

"Oh!" cried Bludsoe, struck with a sudden idea, "mebbe you're Mister Jabez Z. Smith?"

"I reckon I'll answer fur him; so hand it over."

Vainly the giant searched his pockets; no letter could be found.

"Lost it?" asked the disguised man.

"Durn it, no!" Bludsoe cried. "I had it when I went to sleep. Somebody's a-bin a-goin' through me!"

"What did you go to sleep?"

"In French Kate's; durn her ole green, cat eyes! she's leaved on that air letter!"

"It's all right; I'll call on her myself, so-long! Jest oblige me by turnin' your back for a few minutes."

"Hol' on! who air you?"

"Silver Sam! so-long!"

And then the road-agent vanished amid the pines, leaving Bludsoe to swear at his evil fortune.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

Base-Ball.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1877.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE series of contests for the championship this season promises to be an exceptional one, for the reason that the six clubs of the League Association, which alone enter the lists for the League pennant, find in the League Alliance and International Association nines, rivals fully able to cope successfully with the strongest of their own teams. Hitherto the League clubs have had no competitors outside the regular organization able to oppose them with any success, except on rare occasions; but this year the case is different, the "outside" club nines—as those clubs not in the League Association are called—having during the first month of the season actually borne off the palm: Up to the close of April the Indianapolis club, the Allegheny and the Stars of Syracuse, rivaled the strongest of the League nines in their splendid work in the field, as the appended record shows:

April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 1 0
" 21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis 2 1
" 23, Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegheny City 3 1
" 2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Allegheny City 5 3
March 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 6 4
April 23, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 8 1
" 30, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 9 4

In return the St. Louis club defeated the Indianapolis but once out of four games, and the Louisville beat them once only. This successful rivalry with the clubs of the League which had assumed to themselves such superiority in the professional arena, has of course greatly added to the interest of the season's play, inasmuch as instead of there being but six clubs to contest for the United States championship as the League Association claims, there are actually over a dozen competitors.

Another feature of the season's play is the remarkable number of single-figure games not exceeding five runs on the winning side, which have marked the contests of March and April. The record of model games for the opening months of the season of 1877 is an unprecedented one, as will be seen by the appended table of single-figure games, played during March and April, up to the 23d of April inclusive:

March 19, Indianapolis vs. Memphis at Memphis 5 3
" 21, St. Louis vs. Indianapolis, at St. Louis 6 3
" 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 6 4
" 16, Indianapolis vs. Robert E. Lee, at New Orleans 8 0
" 23, St. Louis vs. West End, at St. Louis 9 1
" 23, Indianapolis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 9 3
" 18, Memphis vs. Indianapolis, at Memphis 9 8
April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indianapolis 1 0
" 30, Hartford vs. Boston, at Brooklyn (11 innings) 1 1
" 9, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 2 0
" 13, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 2 0
" 20, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn 2 0
" 20, Allegheny vs. Bucyre, at Allegheny 2 0
" 21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis 2 1
" 20, Indianapolis vs. Star (of Syracuse), at Indianapolis 3 0
" 23, Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegheny City 3 1
" 23, Allegheny vs. Star (of Syracuse), at Allegheny City (10 innings) 3 2
" 14, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 4 0
" 16, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 4 2
" 2, Yale vs. Alaska, at New Haven 4 2
" 10, Louisville vs. Indianapolis, at Louisville 4 2
" 17, Boston vs. Lowell, at Boston (11 I.) 4 2
" 21, Louisville vs. Buckeye, at Columbus 4 2
" 23, Live Oak vs. Harward, at Lynn (12 I.) 4 3
" 24, Boston vs. Harward, at Boston 5 2
" 14, Boston vs. Harward, at Boston 5 2
" 30, Athletic vs. Princeton, at Princeton 5 2
" 2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indianapolis 5 3
" 23, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis 5 3
" 10, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 5 4

Another peculiarity of this year's campaign is the success of the College club nines in their contests with leading professional clubs. In this respect the nines of Harvard, Yale and Princeton have played in fine form as the appended list of their victories over professional nines during April shows:

April 7, Yale vs. New Haven, at New Haven 13 10
" 11, Yale vs. Harry na'e's, at New Haven 9 1
" 12, Harvard vs. Live Oak, at Lynn 11 3
" 14, Princeton vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia 34 11
" 21, Yale vs. Alaska, at New Haven 4 2
" 21, Harvard vs. Live Oak, at Lynn 6 5
" 23, Harvard vs. Our Boys, at Boston 9 2
" 23, Princeton vs. Zephyr, at Princeton 20 9
" 24, Princeton vs. Athletic, at Princeton 13 9

Yale College has a strong team in the field this season. The names of the students athletes, who unite brain with muscle, and the places from which they severally hail, are as follows:

Catcher—Charles H. Morgan, of the junior class, Cleveland, Ohio.

Pitcher—Charles F. Carter, of the junior class, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.

First Base—William V. Downer, of the junior class, Chittenden, New York.

Second Base—George H. Clark, of the freshman class, Hartford, Connecticut.

Third Base—Walter I. Bigelow, of the senior class, Grafton, Massachusetts.

Short-stop—Frank W. Wheaton, of the senior class, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Right-field—Fayetta W. Brown, of the scientific school, Yonkers, New York.

Center-field—William P. Williams, of the senior class, New London, Connecticut.

Left-field—Lewis Platt, of the sophomore class, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Substitute—Joshua M. Sears, of the senior class, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Yale Record of April 21 urges the undergraduates to turn out in larger numbers to witness the games, both because their presence "will nerve the players to a higher standard of excellence," and because an increase in the gate-money will attract to New Haven the best clubs of New York and its neighborhood, which clubs "can hardly be expected to sacrifice time and money in coming up here simply to aid us in getting into the form for our games with Harvard." For the two previous seasons Yale had the Hartfords and New Havens to

play with, but this year there are no professional clubs nearer than New York. With proper support "there is good reason to believe that the present Yale nine will be as successful as any that have preceded it," but "the college must soon take its choice between extending a more liberal financial patronage or expecting almost certain defeat by Harvard."

PODDLE'S WIFE ON A NEW HAT.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Why, Mr. Poddle, 'pon my word, must I believe my boy?
You've gone and got another hat. I'm struck dumb with surprise!
I'm just too much astonished, sir, to speak a single word.
Such terrible extravagance I'm sure I never heard.

Another hat! The one you had was hardly three years old!
As if you owned the Black Hills there and had a mine of gold.
While I economize and work and struggle all the while.
And have to wear a bonnet that's two weeks behind the style.

And it's so out of season that when last I took a walk
It gave me such an awful cold that I can hardly talk;
And that's the way I've got to go, while you can put on airs,
And gaily sport a stilet hat that even no rich man wears.

I tell you, Poddle, this won't do; a pretty pass has come;
You could have worn that other hat and saved that monstrous sum;
For it was plenty good enough for one as poor as you.
And there's no use of wasting words; you know I never do.

I need a thousand things to wear, and half I can't get.
You'll drive me clearly out of my head so much you make me fret.
Your suit, I see, don't match the hat, and next thing you will go
And get a new one out and out; now see if this ain't so!

If I was not the patient wife that I have always been,
You would get hauled across the coals week out, sir, and week in.
And goodness knows it won't be long, if you go on this way.
That I'll begin to murmur some, and tell what I've to say.

Great shakes! A seven dollar hat! Now, Poddle, this won't do;
You'll make—what, only cost you one!—the old hat made up new?
I really had a mind to scold, though I refrained, you see.
It only cost a dollar, dear! Well, give the six to me!

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ

AUTHOR OF "LAUNCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XIV.

THE Grand Duke Alexis was on his way out West when Sheridan telegraphed Custer to come to Fort Riley. The young prince had been in New York a few weeks before, thence to Niagara Falls, then all the way to San Francisco on the Pacific Railroad, which was now open from end to end. The running of that road had cleared the plains of the Indians, and there was no more danger in those places where Custer had followed after the Cheyennes, only three years before. Buffalo were much scarcer, however, which was a disadvantage for sport, as much as the absence of Indians was an advantage for safety.

Custer got into the train and was whirled away to the West, arriving in due time at Fort Riley, where the Grand Duke had already made his appearance. The famous scout, Cody, who is so familiar to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, was also there, Buffalo Bill himself in person, and a splendid hunting-party was speedily organized, with a band of music and everything to suit. At least a hundred Indian scouts had been engaged, who roamed far and wide over the plains, marking down herds of buffalo and driving them toward the fort, so as to make game seem plentiful. It was all very well for common folks to have trouble in finding game, but every one was determined that the Grand Duke should find plenty.

The appointed morning came, and Alexis rode out with Custer to the hunting-grounds. The Grand Duke was in a splendid-looking fellow, six feet high, broad and strong, with a pleasant face, always friendly. He wore a jacket and trousers of strong gray cloth, high boots and a fur cap, and carried one handsome revolver. His horse was of course a splendid animal, the best money could buy or hire.

Custer wore his well-known frontier dress, with his fringed cape and sleeves, while his long curls flowed down over his shoulders. He carried the new Springfield carbine, just then introduced in the army, and his piece had been altered into a sporting rifle by a gunsmith, making it a very handsome weapon. He had brought on from Louisville a new horse, a perfect thoroughbred; and no doubt Alexis thought that if all the American generals were like Custer, they were a handsome set of fellows.

As they got near the hunting-ground down came Buffalo Bill, full speed, to meet them. Cody was splendidly dressed, in the same gayly-ornamented buck-skin suit that he afterward used in the "Scouts of the Prairie," on the stage. Of course it was not his working dress, but Alexis never knew the difference, and he was delighted with these handsome costumes all round him. Then the Indian scouts, who had been driving buffalo, came up in new blankets, and all gay with feathers. They reported buffalo over the next hill.

It is needless to describe this hunt any further, for all buffalo-hunts are much the same, and this was no exception.

The Grand Duke turned out to be a good rider and shot, and killed his buffalo like a good fellow. Custer shot two, and Buffalo Bill, with his peculiar knack, finished five in as many shots. Long practice had shown him just where to aim to kill every time.

The Grand Duke spent several days buffalo-hunting, and accumulated quite a little store of trophies, and he was so much delighted with Custer's frank courtesy of manner, that when the hunt was over, he invited the general to come with him on the rest of his trip through the United States, first going back with him to Louisville, where they met Mrs. Custer, whose quiet, ladylike demeanor pleased the prince as well as the gallant looks of the general. Custer received permission from headquarters to accept the invitation, and Mrs. Custer joined the party, which made quite an extended tour of all the Southern States, ending at New Orleans, where a Russian frigate waited for Alexis.

So there was our poor farmer's boy, the son of the village blacksmith at New Rumley, traveling about the United States on terms of equality with the heir of the greatest empire in the world, his little wife holding her own among the prince and nobles, as if she had been born to a throne. It was a sight peculiar to America, and hardly possible anywhere else.

The Alexis trip over, Custer returned to

Louisville, and wore through the next year of idleness as well as he could. In the early spring of 1873, to his great joy, the Seventh Cavalry was once more ordered to the plains, and himself with it.

The occasion was this: it had been determined, since the Pacific Railroad had succeeded so well, having pacified all the Indians to its south, that another road, through the more northerly territories, should be run. This determination proved, in the end, very disastrous, inasmuch as the new line ran through the territories of the Sioux, and the Sioux were the only Indians that had so far almost always had the best of the government in battle.

However, it was settled that the road should be surveyed, and a military escort, consisting of the 22d infantry and 7th cavalry, and General Stanley, with Custer second in command, was ordered to accompany the surveyor's party.

Custer concentrated his regiment at Memphis, the companies coming in from all round the States where they had been scattered. He was very glad to get there. They took boat up the Mississippi and Missouri to St. Paul, where they landed, marching then overland, up the Missouri, to the village of Bismark, in Dakota. Opposite to Bismark, where the Northern Pacific road then terminated, was Fort Abraham Lincoln, where the expedition was to concentrate in May. It was now the beginning of April, but the winter was not yet over in those high latitudes, for the column was overtaken at Yankton Agency by a tremendous snowstorm, which nearly froze them all, and left a yard of snow on the ground. Several ladies were with the column, including Mrs. Custer, who always marched at the head of the troops when she was allowed, and these ladies had a hard time in the snow. However, it proved to be the last storm of the season, for a few days after warm weather set in, and by the time they reached Fort Lincoln, not a trace of white was on the ground.

Here, to their great disappointment, the ladies found that all their ride had been in vain, for the baggage was ordered back, and the regiment received directions for speedy service in the field with the Stanley Expedition, to the Yellowstone River.

The ladies, very reluctantly, had to take the cars at Bismark, and Mrs. Custer returned to Monroe. Custer and the Seventh soon started with the Stanley column. Here a strange meeting occurred between Custer and an old friend and enemy of his, General Rosser, late of the Southern army. After the surrender of Lee, poor Rosser, like many another brave fellow who fought on the losing side, in the Civil War, found himself adrift, with no way to make a living except by beginning life afresh. Having been through West Point in the same class with Custer, he was a good engineer, so he made his way up to Minnesota, entered service with the new railroad as a laborer, and worked his way up to be chief engineer. Now, therefore, it happened that he and Custer, who had not met each other since the surrender at Appomattox, came together two thousand miles away, and eight years later, as friends and comrades.

As you can fancy, they had many a pleasant talk over their old battles, explaining movements to each other. Those eight years and his own success had taken away all the bitterness of past defeats from Rosser, and he and Custer became very close friends, ever after.

The column started from Fort Lincoln in the spring as soon as the grass was well up, and proceeded due west toward the Yellowstone River on the line where the railroad was projected. Their early progress was quite rapid, the plains being quite smooth till they came to the line of the Little Missouri, beyond which the "bad lands" commenced. These bad lands are horrible places, seamed with broad deep fissures, almost impassable for wagons, and frequently delayed them so that the train would only make five miles a day. The distance from the Little Missouri to the Yellowstone was less than two hundred miles, but the ways were so difficult that it was not till July that the great river was reached. Then Custer proposed to General Stanley that he, Custer, should go ahead every day with two or three companies of cavalry, pick out a good road, and leave a broad trail for the wagons to follow. General Stanley was only too glad to assent to this arrangement, which soon brought Custer into quite a handsome fight.

In the early part of the journey no Indians had been seen, and even on the Yellowstone it was some time before any indications of their presence were met. As it turned out, however, the column was being watched all the time, and by no less a person than the now celebrated chief, Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was and still is the most daring and implacable of all the Indians of the Northwest. When the whole Sioux nation made peace with the whites, when Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with all their braves, had come in and settled on the agencies, Sitting Bull alone held out. With a little band, sometimes of less than a hundred warriors, he remained out in the deserts round the Yellowstone, proud of his independence, and secure, as he thought, from the power of the government. As long as the Yellowstone country was untraveled, Sitting Bull was safe, but when the coming of the Stanley column showed him that he must fight if he hoped to drive out the whites. All the summer, while Stanley's great train of wagons was slowly creeping along the plains, Indians had been seen passing to and fro between Sitting Bull's little band and the different tribes on the agencies of the Missouri River. Here the Indians used to get guns and cartridges, ostensibly to hunt, while they slipped off, one or two at a time, really to join Sitting Bull.

Therefore, there was very little to wonder at, when Custer, one fine morning, while reposing his little squadron of about ninety men, some ten miles ahead of the main column, was suddenly attacked by Sitting Bull, with at least three hundred warriors, who drove the soldiers to the bank of the river, and besieged them there for several hours.

They could not budge Custer and the Seventh, however.

As usual, the soldiers fought on foot, sending their horses into shelter, and, as usual, the Indians wasted their time "circling," throwing away ammunition, when their first charge had been repulsed.

How long Custer might have held out, as he was situated, is uncertain, but the timely arrival of two squadrons of the Seventh extricated him from his dilemma. The way these came to be sent up was in consequence of Indian carelessness.

It seemed that, beside the main party attacking Custer, there were small bands of Indians roaming about, one of them led by a smooth-faced, smiling dare-devil of a Sioux, named Rain-in-the-Face. This scamp happened to come on two peaceable quiet old men, who belonged to the main column, but who had fallen into the habit of roaming away to collect curiosities, of which the Yellowstone country is

full. Rain-in-the-Face came on these two old men, Dr. Horzinger and Mr. Baleran, and killed them both, leaving their bodies so that the advance of the column found them. He also killed a straggler of the Seventh, named Ball, at a spring.

The finding of these bodies of course made General Stanley very anxious about Custer's detachment, and he at once sent off the rest of the Seventh to help their leader. The new force had not arrived within three miles when the wary Indians spied it, and began to draw off. Custer, with the quick decision natural to him, divined the presence of his friends, and determined to give his enemies a lesson.

Not waiting for the reinforcement he mounted his men, charged Sitting Bull, and drove him helter-skelter for nearly ten miles before he stopped, then came slowly back to camp, with the loss of only two men wounded.

This was his first Indian fight since 1869, and ended in a triumph won against tremendous odds. Only a few days afterward down came Sitting Bull again, this time on the main expedition, with a much larger force. It was computed at the time that there were at least fifteen hundred Indians in sight, so many allies had joined Sitting Bull.

This time, however, the chief did not get off so easily. He had not calculated on the presence of a battery of small rifle-cannon which was in the train, carefully hidden.

Custer was given the main management of this fight, and encouraged the Indians to come on by throwing out a small force at first. No sooner were the Indians fairly in sight, clustered in crowds out of rifle-shot, than the artillery pitched a few shells into them, and sent them flying, completely demoralized.

After that the expedition had no more trouble from Sitting Bull, except small annoyances. At the end of the summer it broke up, having returned to Fort Lincoln.

Custer was ordered to take post till further directions at Fort Rice, Dakota, twenty miles from Lincoln.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

ELEANORE.

BY W. A. S.

Thou comest as in the days of yore,
With loving smile and fond embrace,
And looking in thine earnest face,
I find thee still my Eleanore.

The past has been so sad and lone,
My heart throbs heavily through tears;
I did not dream the coming years
Would bring thee here, my Eleanore.

And now, although the trees are bare,
And the far hills are cold and brown,
Though snowflakes flutter slowly down,
A summer radiance fills the air.

My heart has burst its chains of ice;
It throbs and swells with transport fine;
I drink rich draughts of love's rich wine,
And all my being doth rejoice!

Saved to Curse.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"HANDSOME! Yes, as a god. Rich! To embarrassment, they say. His name? Clive Pemberton. Reputation? —"

A forcible shrug of the shoulders took the place of the words for which John Silverbridge was waiting; a shrug of the shoulders that told, as plainly as words could have told, that Clive Pemberton's reputation was not *sans reproche*.

John Silverbridge and the friend who had spoken, stood beside the sandy stretch of seashore, a little apart from a group of roughly-clad fishermen, looking down on the unconscious face and figure of a man lying there, drenched and chilled, whom John Silverbridge had, at risk of his own life, saved from drowning, not five minutes before, and who, with his savior, only awaited the coming of a cart to carry them to warmth and comfort.

"It was a tight struggle, Silverbridge. Once, I thought you were both done for."

"How handsome he is! I never saw a more perfect face. And by his clothing and jewelry I should say he was wealthy, and yet how little his riches would have availed! He is a stranger to me. Do you know him, or of him?"

Then the friend, an elderly, weather-beaten, grave-faced man had answered in the words quoted.

John Silverbridge listened and saw the expressive French gesture.

"Pemberton! Not young Pemberton of March Place—not the godless young heir to the millions his father so lately left? Not that Clive Pemberton?"

"The one. Yonder is the cart and hot blankets. Where shall we take him! Unless he gets vigorous assistance soon all your efforts will have proved unavailing. He barely breathes."

John Silverbridge hesitated only one second before he gave the answer to the teamster at the horse's head.

"To my house, as fast as you can get over the ground."

Then he turned to shake hands with his friend.

"For one second I felt afraid to take Clive Pemberton to my house—my Ethel is so fair and so gracious, and so romantic. But you will agree I have only acted humanely?"

"I dare not say. But this I know, I never yet have known old prophecy to fail—that whoever one rescues from death by drowning, is bound to work the deepest misery against his preserver that tongue can name. I may be superstitious, Silverbridge, but I am as sure as that I am alive and warning you, that Clive Pemberton will turn your life into a blight."

Silverbridge smiled, as the cart drove on.

"You are no less fanciful as you grow older, I see. Come see us when you can."

And so they parted, and John Silverbridge took Clive Pemberton home to his sister Ethel, "so fair, so gracious, so romantic."

She was certainly an exquisitely beautiful girl, and hours afterward, when Clive Pemberton suddenly opened his eyes out of a reviving sleep, such exhaustion and the comfort of the warm, soft nest into which John Silverbridge's housekeeper had put him, had induced, it seemed to him that the graceful, statuesque girl sitting in the shadows of the darkened room, with a faint roseate gleam of fire-glow on her face and hair, was less human than angelic.

He lay very quietly for some time, watching her; noting the perfect pose of her form, the gentle curves, the tender grace of it; noting the out of the features that were pure as a Greek statue; noting the jetty blackness and huster of the heavy circle of hair that crowned her like a royal diadem, the silky loveliness of the straight brows and heavy, long lashes, that lay on her marble fair cheeks, at her beautiful mouth, red as wet coral, not too small, and yet suggesting the daintiest of rosebuds.

He watched her—a feeling of intensest admiration growing upon him as the natural bewilderment of his situation passed away, and he remembered the sudden capsize of the row-boat he had, foolhardily, ventured out in, and he realized he had been saved and was in the hands of those who had cared for him.

Then, an irresistible desire to see the eyes of such a beautiful girl possessed him; and, as Clive Pemberton was a man who never had yet an undesired wish, he forthwith made up his mind to see the eyes; and so, he gave a faint sigh, as if just returning to wakefulness.

And instantly Ethel was on her feet beside the couch where he was lying, her midnight dark eyes looking eagerly, anxiously into his beautiful darkly-violet ones.

"You are better! How thankful I am! Please do not attempt to speak—I will send Mrs. Darron to you at once."

And the quick, sweet tones in a pure, clear contralto, the smile so frank, so twitching, that accompanied it, made Clive Pemberton swear this girl was the fairest he ever had seen, and that he would make her smile again upon him—Clive Pemberton, whose reputation as a heartless flirt had gone forth far and near, who had played with, only to destroy, more women's hearts than he could count!

That was the beginning. After that, Clive Pemberton came often to the Silverbridges, and Ethel's pure white cheeks learned to flush to the tint of an oleander at sight of him, with his splendid blonde beauty, his magnetic violet eyes that were not long in looking the most ardent love in hers. And Ethel's brother saw it—grave, staid John, who had saved Clive Pemberton's life, and who had smiled, almost laughed, when his friend repeated the superstitious legend.

"And why should they not love each other?" he asked himself hourly. "If I was afraid at the first, it was because I feared my Ethel might love him unsolicited. But when he loves her so, when I can read it in his face, his eyes, his manner—why should I not rejoice that such a fair prospect opens to my one little sister? Should I, who so soon will bring my one special darling home to be my wife, I, who know what it is to love with all my soul, refuse to sanction their affection only because people have said he was a lady's man?"

A few weeks later, when the first spring breezes began to blow warmly, Clive Pemberton came to him and asked him for Ethel to be his wife; and he gave him his cordial consent, and of all people in the world, Ethel Silverbridge was the happiest.

"I cannot understand it," she would say to her lover, when his arms were around her, and his blue eyes looking love into hers. "Why should you love me, Clive, when you have known so many lovely women in the society you frequent? Why have you passed them all by, to come to such a one as I? Oh, Clive, love, love, can I ever let you know how much you are to me, my king, my god, my own darling!"

And he would smile in her rapt eyes and tell her she underestimated herself, and very far overrated him.

But he liked to hear her talk so, he enjoyed the honest flattery she poured out like an oblation upon him, and he knew that what she said was true—it was somewhat strange that he, who had been the pet and darling of the circle in which he moved, should have become so desperately infatuated with this girl who had neither a great name or money or anything but her sweet self to give him.

The engagement was to be kept secret for awhile at Ethel's own suggestion, until, she explained, John's bride should have come, and John's wedding was a thing of the past. Then the preparation for John's home-coming began, and, from morning till night, it seemed as if the name of the fair young bride-elect was on Ethel's tongue.

"I will confess you have made me positively curious, Ethel, about this wonderful 'Elsie' of your brother's. Have you no picture of her to show a fellow? Perfection will surely be at it in the shade beside her charms."

Ethel laughed at her lover's speech.

"We have no photograph, Clive—and really Elsie is not so pretty after all. It is her way that slays people."

"Do you think she will slay me, Ethel, in common with other people?"

"Clive! How wicked! Why, she'll be John's wife when you see her."

Clive laughed at Ethel's look of holy horror.

"And does my little girl expect never to charm any one again after she is my wife?"

She looked solemnly, almost, in his handsome face—oh, so handsome that her heart throbbed with rapturous pride.

"I never want to even be admired when I am your wife, dear, only by you."

To his fair, gracious, loving girl, those days were the happiest days of her life. It seemed that until now she never had lived, that, until now, the sun never had shone. She made her first quiet preparations for her marriage with a heart almost too light for endurance, and every heart-throb was a silent prayer of thanksgiving that Heaven had meted out to her such a measure of almost more than human happiness.

John's wedding-day came in due time; and then the bride came home, the only girl of all women on the face of God's earth who had ever quickened his heart-beats—the only girl he ever had imagined, even for his wife; and he had poured out upon her just such idolatrous worship, placed in her just such beautiful faith as his sister Ethel gave to Clive Pemberton. Only, in John Silverbridge's case, there was the difference of years and years in their ages—he, a grave, reticent, proud man of nearly fifty than forty, and Elsie a bonny girl of only nineteen.

She had always loved him, she thought, from the time, years and years ago, when Mr. Silverbridge, a man then, had ridden her on his shoulder, and permitted her to rifle his pockets for *bon-bons*. She had always been taught that John Silverbridge was superior to other men, when somewhat to her surprise, and very much to her proud delight, he asked her to be his wife, Elsie Grey thought no girl in all the world so honored, so blessed as she.

She was in all the first flush of her half-girlish, half-womanly triumph as John Silverbridge's wife, when Clive Pemberton was introduced to her by Ethel; and for one moment there was on his face such an expression of perfect astonishment and admiration that he almost forgot his perpetual grace of manner.

She had come upon him like a revelation. She was unlike any woman he had ever seen. She was not beautiful, according to the strictest laws of lines and curves and features, but her freshness, her joyousness, her half-shy, half-proud sweetness of manner, her infectious delightedness—the strange, subtle sense of presence she created, the nameless, exquisite charm that hung about her like some invisible, super-delicate cloud of faint perfume—it all combined to affect Clive Pemberton with sensations he had never before experienced, and

that he had no desire to analyze, but accepted and enjoyed, as he unscrupulously accepted and enjoyed the goods lavish gods had ever showered upon him.

"Why should I fly from the presence of a woman who charms and fascinates me, beyond the power even of my betrothed to charm and fascinate, for the nonsensical reason that she is married? Will I not be in her society, more or less, as Ethel's husband, so long as we both live?"

And he acted up to the very spirit of his self-imposed law. He was in her society much and often—never markedly alone, or markedly at all. Mr. Silverbridge was with them often, and Ethel always, and the two fair women petted him and caressed him with pride and delight, and Elsie would tell her new sister what a prize her lover was, what a happy girl she ought to be.

For a while she told Ethel that, with her sunny brown eyes all afloat. For a while she was like incarnate music and warmth and light in her husband's home, where she was idol, queen and darling; and then, gradually, there came over her times of most depressing gloom, alternated with outbursts of almost tropical tenderness toward her husband; there came times when for days she would go about her beautiful home, pale and sad-eyed, quiet and wearied; then again her gay laugh, her unnaturally bright eyes, her crimson-glowing cheeks, would attract attention.

And John Silverbridge never knew the why or the wherefore of it all. And bonny Ethel never knew, until—

The blow came like a thunderbolt from a clear blue sky. Swift as lightning, with unerring aim that struck its fatal dart, and crushed two hearts into hopelessly despairing agony that will never be eased while those hearts beat.

There was no preparatory sign—no premonition, even of the faintest.

All at once—one calm, perfect June dusk, when Ethel was dressed in her fairest and best, waiting for Clive Pemberton to call for her according to agreement made in the morning, which had been spent as usual by the entire little circle; when the dainty seven-o'clock dinner was beneath its silver covers on the table, and John Silverbridge was growing just a wee bit impatient that Elsie had outstayed her time on her errand to the village, whither she had driven two hours before in her pony phaeton; when all the events of life were quietly transpiring as usual, the lightning stroke came—a sealed letter left by a messenger, addressed to John Silverbridge, and it read, in hastily-pencilled lines:

"If you can help it, don't curse us. Elsie loves me, and I have worshiped her from the first. We are going together—we do not yet know where. Tell Ethel all; God help her." C. P.

And the shadow of rayless darkness settled for all time on the pitifully-blasted home, and never does any hour of the day pass that John Silverbridge does not recall the superstition he smiled incredulously at. He is a bowed, white-haired man, who seldom talks—even to the blanched-faced, pitiful-eyed woman, who lives on, with a broken heart.

And of Elsie and Pemberton?

God be merciful to them!

Beat Time's Notes.

A grass widow does not put on weeds.

A man who picks a fuss is likely to get in a pickle.

A man who wears a law-suit has surely come to bad close.

Some very weak ladies show a very great deal of muscular strength.

Eggs, like horses, are not fit for anything much until they are broken.

To dream you are writing your name on another man's note is a bad sign.

The true value of a man should always be measured by his deeds—and mortgages.

An old maid said the other day that she was like Time, because she waits for no man.

Cultivate an equable temper; if it is bad let it remain so, if good keep it so, don't let it vary.

He was making fun of a cupola on the house, and Knox said he didn't see but what it was better than a mortgage on it.

It will soon be time to fish for fleas; in some localities they have already begun to bite good. You bait the hook yourself.

Jones says if his girl paid more attention to curling her hair and less to curling her lip he would be treated less scornfully.

It is easier for a rich man to swallow a camel than for this thread to go through the eye of this blind needle, said old Mrs. Skimps.

He wore a few relics of past ages in the shape of clothes.

And he looked as if he would like to accept the position of driver on a bread wagon.

And he poured his glass perfectly full, and drank it down, and he looked in it to see if there was any of it left.

And he said to the bar-tender, "My Christian friend, I have been traveling through this world of woe of late years without money, from the fact that I am a specie man; paper money is not money, and I do not encourage its use by countenancing its circulation. When gold, which is money, gets round again, then I will have the money to pay you. It is not my fault, but the fault of the Government, don't you see?"

And as he went out of the saloon, the bar-tender's foot was subsequent to him.

Two country lovers went hand in hand to the gallery to get their pictures tuck together. The artist seated her, and stood him at her side, got everything ready, took the lid off of the machine, and turned his back. Jonathan hadn't had a kiss for a spell, so he bent over and deposited one on Ruth Ann's mug. The artist went into the small room which presently got too small to hold all the profanity that generated in it, and some of it leaked out. He came back and told them they would have to hold up on kissing for a minute if they wanted a picture to show, and said that he'd try them again. But Jonathan couldn't resist patting her on the cheek, and Ruth's smile in the picture showed several stages of widening and then relaxing. The dark room again got too full of profane atmosphere, and the artist came out, mad all over, and says he: "Now, look here; if you want a picture, the only way to get it done is for you to sit in her lap, but your arms round each other and your lips together; may be I can get one that way." Jonathan said, "What do you take us for?" "I'm not taking you at all, but I wouldn't take you for a good deal this way." Jonathan took her hand and said, "Come on, Ruth, let's go to some other dentist shop, where they ain't so powerful particular," and they left.

BEAT TIME.